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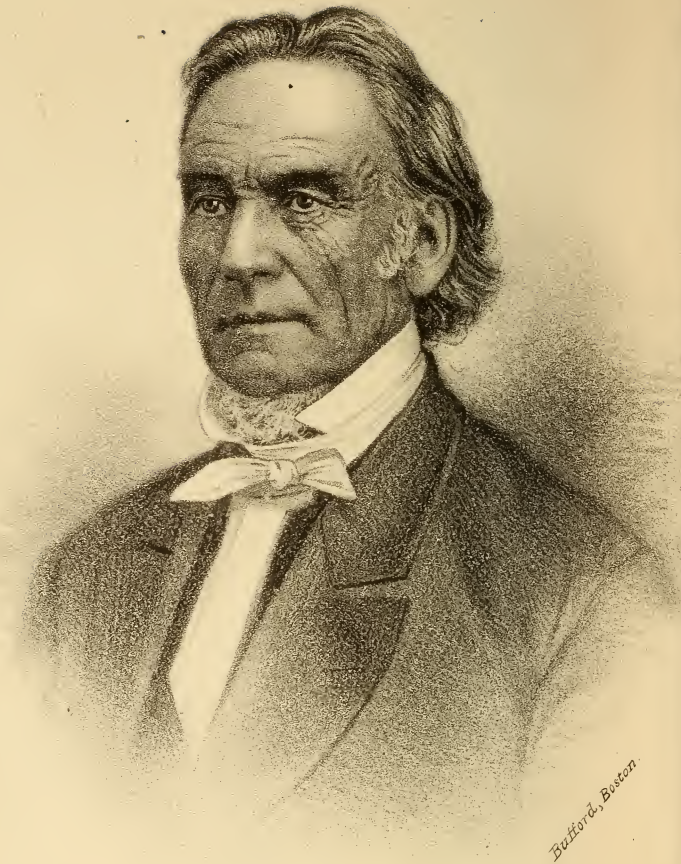

John Stevens

MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

REV. JOHN STEVENS,

WHO DIED IN BIDDEFORD, MAINE, APRIL 5, 1878,
IN THE 77TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"He being dead yet speaketh."

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PREFACE.

The true and more noble benefactors of man are not always those who have wasted their energies in heroic deeds on the battle-field, vanquished armies, slain their thousands and saturated the earth with blood; nor the brave sons of the ocean who, to gain renown, have periled their lives to make new discoveries, even into the ice-bound regions; but the humble, self-sacrificing minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, who has devoted his life in fighting against "principalities and powers," "against wickedness in high places," that he might benefit the lost and redeem them to God.

A man's life may be such that no splendid incidents shall attract the eye of the curious, and yet a habitual course of beneficent action shall secure him an imperishable reputation.

In preparing this little work for the press, no effort has been made at literary display; and it should be considered that the author, in his day, had not the advantages of classical culture that ministers have at the present time, consequently the reader should not view it with a critic's eye.

The many friends who desire to see in print the sketches from the pen of this worthy man of God, wish to retain the dictum of the author unchanged and without ornament that they may read *him* and not *of* him.

It will not be strange if some inaccuracies are discovered, considering that brother Stevens was near seventy-five years of age when he wrote the sketches of his life, and that he wrote principally from memory.

REV. JOHN STEVENS.

CHAPTER I.

The subject of this memoir was the fourth child and second son of Theodore and Mary Stevens, late of Limington, York County, Me., and was one of a family of three sons and eight daughters. My parents being of Quaker descent, my early training and religious impressions were that true prophecy and the aid of true light were to be found in attendance at those meetings founded and maintained by a few of the citizens of that place, who (as I believed then and have since) were a people of Christian principle, and in sympathy with what they thought to be for the best interests of people in general. Hence, my early religious advantages were derived from the reading of their books, and attendance on their meetings, where silence was frequently broken by prayer and exhortation offered by the pious of

both sexes. Frequently the traveling ministers held forth in public, and my young heart was often moved by their spirit-stirring appeals to a keen sense of the need of a higher life.

In these seasons of awakening, I often promised God to break off my sins and live to him, but there was always one *omnipresent* idea, namely: If I was ever a Christian, I should have to preach the gospel. This had a tendency to induce delay in seeking my soul's salvation, for while I regarded it in the light of a most sublime calling, I also felt an instinctive shrinking from its responsibilities, and that it would be a final and utter veto upon all worldly ambitions and schemes; and my young and worldly heart rebelled at the thought of the poverty and trials necessarily connected with the life of a Christian minister. So, shrinking from the only path which seemed open to me if I were to become a Christian, I grieved the Spirit, and plunged deeper into youthful follies and sins; and, to make it all right in the estimation of my young associates, and show that I was one with them in the frivolities of youthful life, I would frequently, when they were gathered about me in youthful groups, preach them a sermon in mock solemnity, imitating, in tone and manner, some traveling minister

who had been among us preaching Christ's gospel, that we might be saved. Oh, the depth of God's mercy in saving such a fallen sinner!

In this way I spent my early youth, until the seventeenth year of my age. One day it was announced in school that there would be a meeting at Mr. Samuel Joy's, attended by one Ichabod Churchill, that evening, and I was not long in coming to the conclusion that I would go and hear what the stranger had to say. I went. The speaker laid bare my inner life as a sinner, showed me my need of a Saviour, and presented Christ as the only one who could save me from sin here, and the sad consequences of sin hereafter. Such an appeal I thought I had never before heard, and it seemed to me then that it was my last call. Ere I was aware, I found myself upon my knees, pleading for that mercy which I had so long abused; and although I felt that I had no just claim for the exercise of that mercy, yet the earnest and sincere plea of my poor sin-burdened soul seemed to prevail, and I found some relief before rising from my knees. The relief which I then received partook of a strong desire to know more of Him in whose death I then rejoiced, and to this end I felt that my

whole being should be devoted. The revival interest increased, and a large number of my associates were subjects of the work. The leader of this revival, Mr. Churchill, was only a layman and member of Rev. John Buzzell's church in Parsonsfield, Me., and licensed by the church as an exhorter, and was very successful in his labors to save men from their sins. His principal success, however, was as a sharp-shooter at the front, rather than a skillful nurse for converts. His lack of ability to lead converts in the proper steps to a higher life was soon partially, if not wholly, made up in the labors of two young women, Miss Hannah Hubbard, of North Limington, and Miss Elmira Westcott, of Gorham, Me. These young ladies were very skillful in their efforts to lead converts in the path of Christian duty, and were quite efficient workers in the Master's cause, and withal quite able in their Scripture expositions. Miss Hubbard subsequently became the wife of James Fogg, son of Dea. Fogg, of Ossipee, N. H. Miss Westcott became the wife of Rev. Jeremiah Bullock, of Limington, and both continued to preach and exhort with good acceptance and signal success for many years. We were also favored with the labors of Mr. Bullock, and

his father, Rev. Christopher Bullock, whose labors in that section of country had been much blessed in promoting revival interests; also Rev's Hobbs, of Waterborough; Burbank, of Newfield; Buzzell, of Parsonsfield; White, of Standish; Clay, of Buxton; Jordan and Leach, of Raymond, and others whose praise were in the gospel of Christ, and whose light did much in dispelling the darkness of the surrounding night, and leading many to rejoice in a new-found life and experience, which gave them a hope like an anchor to the soul.

My own experience was varied; my evidence was at times bright and clear, at other times obscure and dark. I found much happiness in the discharge of duty, exhortation and prayer, and the love I had for Christians absorbed my whole being for a time. The duty of baptism was much impressed upon my mind, and then beyond that it seemed to me I must devote my life to calling my fellow-men to turn from sin to God.

From this I shrank, and for a time was much in the dark, but daily secret prayer and ofttimes the performance of more public duties were never lost sight of; and in my young heart I ardently sought for a deeper work of grace, and a higher sense of Christian

obligation. In this way I passed some two years, during which time I left my father's house and traveled into the eastern part of the State, in company with one of my associates, to see what we could do in the way of starting in life. Never had my heart been made to feel the strength of those cords that bound me to friends as it then did. Father, mother, brothers and sisters came up before me in a different light from what they had ever done before, especially my mother. Oh, how sad and painful it was to leave that dear mother,—how I regretted my boyhood delinquencies and acts that had caused her grief! The tears that bedewed her sad face as we parted were treasured in my memory as so many stars that pointed me to the path of virtue and truth. Parental blessings pronounced, and a general leave-taking of brothers and sisters over, I and my associate were on our way, to seek, as we then said, our fortunes among strangers. I was in the nineteenth year of my age, and he was some two years my senior. With our packs upon our backs we traveled on foot to the town of Vassalborough, Me. I here concluded that I was as far east as I wished to go, about ninety miles from home; and the home of my childhood never looked so precious to

me as it did then. I accordingly let myself to work on a farm with a man belonging to the society of Friends, by the name of Joseph Howland, for one month, it being in the month of September, for the sum of nine dollars per month; and if we both liked, I was to work six months longer for seven dollars per month. I found my employer a kind-hearted man, his family very attentive to my wants, and very strict religionists in their way, they all attending the Friends' meeting, then held in the old meeting-house at what was called Getchell's Corner.

I finished my month's labor and all seemed to be satisfactory on his part, and the family appeared very anxious that I should stay through the winter, as my friend Howland had been selected by the society to travel with a preacher of their order by the name of James Warren, a highly esteemed man of their faith. My friend Howland laid before me his proposition, and wished me to take the care and responsibility of his home affairs till his return in the spring. This seemed to be a more responsible place than I felt competent to fill; and then the wages were so low (only $7 per month); but I had become attached to the family, and to leave and go farther might be to fare worse,

so I accepted the position, and in due time was left to care for the interests of my employer. A large stock on the farm and a hundred head of sheep a mile away to care for and feed every day, timber to haul to the mill, bark to the market and wood to the door,—in all this I managed to give what seemed to be entire satisfaction to my employer on his return. The household matters were managed by a daughter of my employer by the name of Phebe. She subsequently married a man by the name of Smilie, and to them was born a daughter who is now the celebrated Quakeress preacher. In toil, early and late, I passed the winter. My evenings were spent with the family, for I had come to feel that there was my home for the time being, and very much enjoyed the society of my young friends. Sometimes they would ask me to sing, and occasionally I would close the evening with prayer. Frequently I would go to meeting with the family; and these opportunities, with daily secret prayer, kept the wolf of want from the door of my heart. Although I was not in the enjoyment of a full salvation, yet at times I could say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

In this way I spent the winter, and my em-

ployer was so well satisfied on his return in the spring that he paid me nine dollars per month instead of seven, as had first been agreed upon. Having settled with my employer, he took me with his team to Augusta, fifteen miles, and I shouldered my pack and walked on foot to Limington and found all well, and glad to see the returning son and brother. I had expended a part of my earnings for some clothes, and the rest of my money (or the most of it) I gave to my father; and the satisfaction I felt in meeting the wants of my parents was far more than if I had spent the money for myself.

CHAPTER II.

It was during the toil of my daily business, while on the road between Getchell's Corner and the place where I worked, that I received a most convincing and what was to me a special call to preach the gospel. As I was traveling beside my team I was in prayer, and the cogitations of my mind turned upon the condi-

tion of the church and the world, when the then active ministers of the gospel should die or be past their labors. There were Buzzell, Hobbs, Bullock, Burbank and others of my acquaintance, and beyond their activities I could see no ministerial light for the church or the world. My mind seemed intently fixed upon the dark picture, when all at once, as if a star shone out in the midst of the surrounding night, this text of Scripture came to my mind, as if some one had spoken, "God is able, of these stones, to raise up children unto Abraham." Matt. 3 : 9. It applied to me. Although I was like a stone, hard, inactive and insensible to duty, yet God could make me a son, and, if faithful and obedient to the call of God, I should yet be made an instrument of good to the church and the world, and in some little measure fill the place of those men of God as they should pass from their activities, and the church and the world feel their loss.

This exercise of mind served for a time to arouse me to a more feeling sense of obligation to God, and greater activity in religious duty. I longed for the time when I should be free from obligation to my employer, and I promised God I would then be obedient to what seemed to me a heavenly vision.

From that day it was a settled conclusion in my own mind that to preach the gospel was my life-work, and when my obligations were ended with the family where I worked, that I would return to my father's house with a determination to do my whole duty and leave the event in the hands of Him who doeth all things well. I did return, and the old brethren and sisters in the church received me and my religious efforts in the prayer and conference meetings gladly, and with thanksgiving to God. The Edgerlys, Tufts, Foss and the Mansons were then nursing fathers and mothers in Israel, and to these Christians, especially to Deacon Samuel Edgerly, was I much indebted for words and acts of comfort and cheer.

For a time my resolution was to go forward in every duty. I was baptized by Rev. Jeremiah Bullock, who was then preaching in the place, and united with the Freewill Baptist church of Limington. And now the thought of devoting my life to the work of calling after sinners to turn to God again impressed my mind with great force, so that, asleep or awake, it was my most constant conviction. Soon I began to look at my unfitness. My educational advantages were only what I re-

ceived in the common schools. At that time there was no Bates College, no Hillsdale, not even Parsonsfield Academy; and I said, Who am I that I should think of taking upon myself such responsibility? The field was large—already white—the work delicate in its nature and mighty in its proportions. True, it promised much in the future if I could be the means of saving souls, but in this life the prospect seemed dark and uninviting, for the ministers of my acquaintance pretended to no claim upon the people for a living, and in most cases were dependent on the voluntary offerings of the churches for the support of themselves and families. I shrank from the sacrifice on the one hand and the want of ability on the other, and erring human nature attempted to strike a medium line which to me had the promise of worldly possessions, and the enjoyment of religion, too. This had all its brightness in theory, while its practical side was covered with thorns.

In spite of my good resolutions I fell into darkness of mind, and although I struggled hard to keep from openly wounding the cause of Christ, yet I had to learn that the only way to keep from backsliding was to go forward in the performance of known duty. This I

have since come to believe is, has been, and ever will be, true of all who theoretically or practically attempt to divide life between the world and religion. The keeping-power of God is with those who obey him in sincerity and truth. I found it difficult to make straight the paths of my feet while refusing to walk in the way that was so clearly my duty, and so relapsed into a dark state of mind and became worldly in my thoughts and aspirations.

A few years passed in this state of mind, during which time I married and moved into the town of Sebago, then a wilderness, and settled with my young wife and one child upon a piece of wild land, in a log house. Although our situation was one of privation, as is generally the case with settlers in a new country, we were happy in the possession of conjugal love, and for the time being enjoyed ourselves in our own little circle, and in our acquaintance with the neighbors, who were sparsely settled about us. To make a farm in the wilderness, and place my family above want, was the aim of my life. I had an object for which to live, and to climb the hill was the absorbing theme of my life. Affection for my family was intensified by their willingness to share with me in privation and toil. At times

my religious views were vivid before me, and at these seasons I would have family prayers, and other religious duties were attended to, and I strove hard to keep up the appearance, at least, of Christian life, both in my family and among my neighbors. Honesty in dealings and truthfulness of utterance were to me important beacon lights which I, as a professor of Christianity, should ever place before all with whom it was my lot to associate. In this I succeeded in some good degree, and I found it in after life greatly to the advantage of my success in my ministrations in public, and especially among my neighbors and youthful acquaintances. In this way I lived for about a year and a half, until my mind was wrought up to a point of utter hopelessness in a worldly direction, and the only path that seemed open to me was to throw myself into God's hand, to be molded into the vessel that should seem best in his sight. I became nearly unfit for the common business of life, and I would frequently forget the most common wants. I remember once I went to the other part of the settlement to obtain a gallon of molasses of a neighbor, borrowing a gallon measure of another neighbor, and promising to return it on my way home. I took it with me, forgot

to leave it as I passed his house, and went some distance, when the thought occurred to me that I should have left it, and returned to leave it, setting down my molasses; and when I came back and passed the spot where I left it, I was so bewildered that I could with difficulty tell where I had left it. Such was the state of my mind that my companion noticed that something was the matter with me, and would frequently inquire, "John, what ails you?" I at length confessed to her that I felt that I must preach the gospel, and our worldly prospects and ambitions were at an end. In this state of mind I promised God that if some minister would come into the settlement and hold a meeting, I would appoint another, and attend it myself. It was not long before a man by the name of Barker, a Methodist preacher, visited us, and preached on the Sabbath. I listened to his sermon as well as I could, with this thought in my mind. Such was the nature and solemnity of that promise I did not dare to break it, and so at the close of the meeting I arose, and told the people that there would be a meeting there, in that school-house, the next Sabbath. The week passed and in mingling with my neighbors I would sometimes hear the inquiry, "Who is going to

preach next Sabbath?" "I guess John is going to; hope he will," &c. When the Sabbath came, nearly the entire community came out to see and hear the new preacher. The school-house was nearly full when I arrived. I went in, took the minister's stand and surveyed the congregation. Among them were two of my neighbors, O. Pike, Esq., and Wm. Haley, the blacksmith. These men loomed up before me like giants. I was on terms of intimacy with them in worldly matters, and they were leading men of business in the community, and thought much of by the neighbors. Had they been out of the congregation, it would have been a great relief to me; but here I was; to go back was death—to go forward I could but die. The meeting opened by prayer, etc. I arose with the new Testament in my hand and turned to the General Epistle of Jude, 3d verse, the latter part of which I dwelt upon more particularly—"That you should earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints." This was my first effort. I stood before my neighbors and had named my first text; what arrangement I had it has always been difficult for me to determine. I had not proceeded far before all fear of man was gone, and I ventured to look

for Pike and Haley. These men, mountains as they had seemed to me, were bathed in tears, and I lost all fear of them. I was much assisted in speaking, and closed my first meeting with a feeling of great calmness and trust in God, and a fixed resolution to do my whole duty to God and my fellow-men. I was impressed at that time that Haley must be converted, and that feeling continued until it was accomplished some years after. I continued to hold meetings in the place on the Sabbath, and sometimes during the week, with good success, witnessing some revivals, and was refreshed and encouraged in my labors, till it was thought best for me to move back to my father's, in the south of Limington. This I did, and was gladly received by my old brethren of the church and the people in general. Here I continued to preach on the Sabbath in what was then known as the South meeting-house and hold meetings on week days as often as I could under the circumstances, as I had to support my family by carrying on my father's farm on shares; for he, being a millwright, was from home most of the time. Occasionally, family necessaries were handed in, and on the whole, with much activity and hard labor, I thought my wants well met. I con-

tinued my labors in this way, working hard and preaching all I could in Limington, Limerick, Waterborough, and other places, until the spring of 1823, when a gracious outpouring of the Spirit was witnessed among the people. The meetings were thronged with anxious listeners, and I held meetings day and night in the surrounding neighborhoods. It was seed time literally and harvest time spiritually. We were occasionally visited and assisted by Rev. J. Bullock and wife, a brother Buck, a Methodist local preacher, and brother B. S. Manson, one of my old schoolmates, just commencing to preach, and who was with us in most of our meetings, and rendered good service. Matters moved smoothly on and it was a time of rejoicing with God's people. The converts began to feel that they must follow their Lord in baptism, and that I must baptize them. For a time this embarrassed me, but the church thought best to call a council of ministers to consider the propriety of ordaining me to the work of the gospel ministry. It consisted of Elders Burbank, Hobbs, Jordan, Bullock and Gray. After due deliberation, it was determined to ordain me, and a public meeting was held in the Old South, and the ordination proceeded in the following or-

der: Introductory prayer by brother Gray; sermon, by Samuel Burbank; prayer at the laying on of hands, by Zechariah Jordan; charge, by Henry Hobbs, and hand of fellowship, by Jeremiah Bullock. This was in June 1823, I being 22 years of age. At the close of this service I made an appointment for baptism.

On the next day six of the converts presented themselves, were accepted by the church, and I baptized them in the Little Ossipee river, near what was then called Edgecomb Bridge. The occasion was one of much anxiety to me, lest I should make some blunder, and bring a reproach upon the cause. But all passed off very pleasantly and satisfactorily to myself and others. I continued to have a baptism every week till I had baptized some 70 converts, and the work was spreading in different parts of the town, and towns adjoining. It was then a maxim with me to keep under the cloud. This seemed to lower over a number of places, and so my work was increased. I had to travel mostly on foot, being too poor to own a team, but was often assisted by friends who did own one. At this time I had for a finality entered the course and felt determined to win the race, let the consequences turn as they might. My whole soul was absorbed in

the thought of winning souls to Christ, and to this thought every ambition had to bend.

I had a pair of small cattle which I very much needed on the farm, but I exchanged them for a horse; and as I more and more cut loose from worldly engagements and devoted my time to the preaching of the gospel, the people seemed to feel more in duty bound to look after my temporal wants; so much so that I seldom found a place of want which was not soon met. As before stated, my education was very limited, my wardrobe of a coarse texture, my library small, consisting of a Bible and hymn book. These, for a time, were all the books that I owned; but I bought when I could, borrowed when I could not buy, and read and studied when others slept. The Bible and biblical books were my guiding stars, and the Spirit of God my compass. Head winds and tempests would sometimes veer my course, but my faith in God and in his Son Jesus Christ, did not fail me. If it was necessary to come to an anchor, hope was that anchor, and I would outride the storms. In this way I spent some more than five years as an evangelist, preaching and witnessing the outpouring of the Divine Spirit, and a glorious ingathering of souls.

CHAPTER III.

Among the incidents of traveling are the following: A call came to the Quarterly Meeting (the Parsonsfield, then including what is now the Parsonsfield and York Co. Quarterly Meetings), through Elder John Buzzell, from an unconverted man, in what was then called Lower Canada, for the Freewill Baptists in the States to send some ministers to the Province to preach to the people. This letter, addressed to Elder Buzzell, represented the country as being well nigh destitute of evangelical preaching, and the field large and white for the harvest. The letter was brought into the Q. M. and read. This stirred the inmost feelings in all of our hearts, and when brother Buzzell made an appeal for volunteers, I felt constrained to offer my services, and brother B. S. Manson, the young man who had labored with me in the reformation in Limington, also volunteered to accompany me. This was to me very acceptable, inasmuch as he had once been there in company with Eld. Samuel Burbank, in answer to the same request. He was also an old schcol-mate and

companion in sin,—converted about the time I was,—had commenced to preach about the same time I did, having had the advantages of an academical education, which I had not. We loved each other as brothers, and until this day it is always joyous for us to meet. God bless brother Manson, is the indwelling sentiment of my heart, and the truthful utterance of my voice.

A vote of approbation was unanimously adopted by the Q. M., and a contribution of seven dollars taken, to be divided between us to defray our expenses on a journey of 300 miles. At the present time this would seem a small sum to most ministers, but to us, as we went by ourselves, it seemed quite sufficient. We returned to our homes in joyfulness of heart, and soon made preparations for our journey. My horse being insufficient, that same William Haley before mentioned, although yet unconverted, offered to exchange with me, he having a nice young animal, and a very smooth traveler. We started on our journey in company with brother Mark Hill, of Buxton, Me., and Elder Jonathan Woodman of Freedom, N. H., passed through the Notch of the White Mountains, and crossed the Connecticut river at Lyndon, Vt., preaching

and praying as we went. As we sat on our horses, while paying our toll over the bridge, some one of us called brother Woodman by name. The toll-keeper inquired if it was Eld. Jonathan Woodman. Being told that it was, he said his orders from the proprietors were to let Elder Woodman pass toll free. This he did, and the rest of us, paying toll, went on our way rejoicing. We attended a session of the Wheelock Q. M., then held at Lyndon, and brother Woodman preached one of his stirring sermons. I also attempted to preach from the text, "Thou wilt show me the path of life," &c. I did not enjoy my usual liberty, and for a time felt quite gloomy and in doubt about being in the way of duty. This, however, soon passed away, and I felt my usual trust in God, and a resolution to spend life in his service. This was the town in which Elder Daniel Quimby lived and preached; we also went to Sutton. The meeting-house was built by Elder John Colby, of which I had read in his journal. This was quite interesting to me, as I had read of this self-sacrificing man of God, and I said, oh, that I may be permitted to do and suffer, if need be, for the cause. Here we left Elder Woodman and brother Hill, and Bro. M. and myself, taking a northerly course,

entered Canada by the way of Stanstead, and put up at a brother Moulton's, father of the Revs. Alial and A. K. Moulton, they being then but boys in the circle of the family. Since then they have become able ministers of the New Testament, and ornaments to the church. Refreshed by our rest, and with much good advice and counsel from our aged brother M., we started on our way around the shore of Memphremagog lake to the town of Bolton, where the man lived who first wrote to Elder Buzzell for help from the Freewill Baptists in the States. We were cordially received and entertained by him and his family. The revival that commenced on brothers Burbank and Manson's first visit, seemed to commence anew, and our meetings were thronged with anxious listeners. People traveled on foot, from three to six miles, to hear what they called the Yankee Priests; many were awakened, and many hopefully converted to God. The man Austin, who wrote the request for help, and a number of his family were among the converts. This was a matter of great rejoicing with us and them. A son of this family, Raymond Austin, afterward, as I have been informed, became a successful minister of Christ. We visited from house to house, having relig-

ious conversation and prayer in every house, taking turns in prayer, brother Manson in one house and I in the next, and so on. Some of these seasons were very impressive and solemn,—in others, circumstances would transpire that were to us new and grotesque. When we prayed, all the family would kneel, men, women and children. At one of these calls, when it was my turn to pray, all knelt, and among them a boy, ten or twelve years of age, also knelt near the bed in the room. At that time, when deeply engaged, I was accustomed to raise my voice to a high pitch, and when it struck the higher note, brother Manson, with one eye open, saw the boy start, and looking at me with evident fright, sprang under the bed and kept very still till we left. This afforded matter for a hearty laugh, in which, notwithstanding the solemn interests of the day, I was compelled to join. At another time it was my lot to pray where the mother of the family had recently buried a little child, and, in praying for the mother, I prayed that she might be prepared to meet the darling child in heaven. Our next meeting was some five miles from this house, but that mother was present. She pressed through the company, and holding my hand in an unusual

grasp, she expressed great satisfaction in the prayer I had made at her house, inasmuch as she had come to believe that her child was happy in heaven. Before that she had been under the gloomy apprehension that the child was lost, because it had not been sprinkled. I said, when learning the whole circumstances, oh, when will the divines of the Established Church learn enough of divinity to see that Christ came to save the world, and that he did his errand there can be no doubt, and in an infantile state the race was brought again into harmony with God; and thus it is a truth that "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." This text shows conclusively the mission for which Christ came. His utterance on the cross, "It is finished," shows conclusively that He did do the work He came to do,—salvation for the whole world in an infantile state, and repentance and remission for all adults. Hence the command, that repentance and remission might be preached in all the world, beginning at Jerusalem,—yes, begin at Jerusalem,—the Sanhedrim is there,—the Roman soldiers are there, —my murderers are there,—begin where I finished. The apostolic work was to carry the

news of salvation through Christ to all the world. To infants as a fact, to all adult sinners as a possibility, through repentance and remission of sin. This is the doctrine I have long since believed and preached, viz., that the world was redeemed by the atonement, and sinners are condemned only for actual transgression,—repentance and faith in Christ being indispensable to salvation.

We spent several days in Bolton and vicinity, visiting from house to house, and holding meetings nearly every day, witnessing much of the Divine influence, and the hopeful conversion of a goodly number of precious souls. From here we went back to Stanstead, then down the St. Frances river to Ascott and Compton, and held some meetings with indications of divine power. Here it seemed necessary that we should part. Brother Manson to stop there a few days, and then to return to Bolton; and I to go through what was then called "the long woods," to reach the upper settlements on the Connecticut river, twenty miles, with but one house in all that distance. My horse had thrown off one of his shoes, and the blacksmith, being of the Established Church, and too conscientious in his own creed, or too prejudiced against us who did

not believe in Apostolical Succession, refused to set the shoe. The boy came back and told me that the smith refused to put on the shoe for a Yankee priest, and finding some nails, I did the work as best I could, there being no other blacksmith within ten miles, and about eleven o'clock was ready to take the dreary ride of twenty miles, by a single path bushed out and marked by spotted trees. This was a lonesome ride, and, worse than my solitude, I had unwelcome visitors. When half through the woods, as I was eating a lunch taken with me, and standing beside my horse, feeding on some grass by the wayside, three wolves entered my path a few rods before me, with evident designs of attack. I picked up a club and showed fight, for I thought the occasion not only allowed but demanded it. The wolves, though hungry, seemed cautious, and dared not come within reach of my club, and soon retreated, when I immediately bitted my horse, was quick in the saddle, and left my unwelcome visitors to find their dinner elsewhere. Just at twilight I reached the settlement on the New Hampshire line, and found a home in the family of a brother Ingalls, spent the Sabbath in Colebrook, and spoke to the people in a barn. Stopping a few days,

and witnessing some outpouring of the Spirit in the salvation of souls, I passed on, taking the road that led through Shelbourne, Bethel, Paris, Bridgton, Sebago, Baldwin, &c.; reached home and found my family and friends well, for which I was truly thankful to God.

CHAPTER IV.

I continued my labors with the church of S. Limington, visiting and preaching with other churches, and in places where there was no church, some five years, witnessing many precious reformations, from which were raised a number of ministers of Christ; and with these re-inforcements, and the help of those faithful brethren, such as Joseph Edgcomb, Nahum Foss and Carlton Small, now living, but mostly past labor, I was much encouraged, and the work went bravely on.

Some incidents worthy of note transpired during this time. A glorious revival was in progress in the North of Limington, where it was my lot to labor almost the entire summer.

This took me from home most of the time, and I often returned to my family in the south part of the town on Sabbath evening, after closing my third service. On one occasion a party of young people from Buxton had come to Limington to spend the Sabbath, visit relatives and see the work of reformation, as a number of their acquaintances were among the converts, and hoping that they might find some light for themselves, being under deep conviction. They came up the mountain to brother Harvey's where I made my home, having been in meeting all day, and found no relief in their minds, and they resolved not to return to Buxton without another effort. I had left to get my horse, taking my saddle with me, intending to go from the pasture across the mountains to my home. I sought in vain for my horse till it was dark, and returned to the house. Some of the family said, "We have been praying that you might not find your horse;" and my reply was, "I guess your prayers were heard." The conversation soon turned upon the topic then uppermost of all, the salvation of the soul, then to singing and to prayer. While I was praying, one of these young friends from Buxton knelt and began to cry for mercy—then another and an-

other, and before I closed the whole party of six were on their knees in agonizing prayer for themselves. When the burden had somewhat subsided from my own mind, a young man belonging to the family who did not profess religion himself, came to me, and, in a low whisper, as I was still on my knees, said, "Calvin is out in the door yard begging for mercy." This to me was glorious news. This was Calvin McKenney, whose wife was among the converts. He had sometimes opposed her, and then he would relent and encourage her,—then oppose, &c. His mother was a woman of much prayer, his father was a praying man, and he found it hard to wade through all these influences and live in sin. He and his wife had accompanied these friends from Buxton, and were expecting them to return with them and spend the night. The Buxton company all on their knees—his wife in earnest prayer for him and others, he started for home, went but a few steps from the door, fell on the ground, and was at once in earnest prayer for himself. I arose from my knees, went to his side and knelt in prayer for him. My voice rising to its usual pitch soon brought out the entire company, his wife among the rest, and she knelt by his side and

her prayers and the prayers of others on that evening seemed like the raising of earth to heaven. The very stars seemed to reflect back the answer of prayer, and it was a heaven to go to heaven in. The sound went through the neighborhood, and other young people came out to see what was transpiring; as the most of the night was spent in these exercises, so much like labor, it was a season of glorious rest to me. The morning came and I returned home, thanking God and taking courage. I was soon called to Standish to baptize a sister Meeds, wife of Artemas Meeds, and mother of F. Meeds, Esq., of the Meeds House of this city, and D. J. Meeds, now one of the deacons of the church of this place, they being but boys at that time. This was a very interesting day. Sister Meeds became a mother in Israel, and lived to see her husband converted (then an intemperate man) and a number of her children, who became devoted Christians, and very useful in the church, attributed mostly to a wife's and mother's prayers.

During my stay at South Limington, with the assistance of brethren and friends, I bought ten acres of land, erected a cottage on it, and had quite a comfortable home. The

voluntary contributions of the people, with hard labor and strict economy of myself and wife, kept the wolf of want from our door. Here also our second child, a son, was born, our eldest then being six years of age. In course of time I received a pressing invitation to remove to the north part of the town; accordingly, I sold my stand, redeemed my father's farm mortgage, and accepted the invitation. Brethren and friends aiding, I bought twenty-five acres of land, erected buildings on it and was again settled in my own home. Here I labored, preaching in the north meeting-house, as it was then called, on the Sabbath, traveling much in the different parts of the town, and the adjoining towns of Cornish, Hiram and Baldwin, attending funerals and baptisms, and many were added to the Lord.

Up to this time the Freewill Baptists of Limington had remained in one church, and numbered about three hundred members. Elder Bullock was settled in the south, Elder Emery in the west, and myself in the north, there being three meeting-houses in the town belonging to the denomination.

In this way we labored with much union and but little friction, each seeming to vie with the other, in striving to do and get good. I

remember in this connection, the first gift I ever received as ministerial support; it was an old-fashioned silver quarter, given me by a brother, Samuel Manson; that quarter then seemed very much larger than whole dollars have since. I said, "God bless you, brother Manson," for it argued to me that one man at least had some appreciation of my labors.

CHAPTER V.

A good degree of union in sentiment and action prevailed among the ministers and in the church, till the temperance and anti-slavery questions were started. These questions first arose in the Congregational society at the Corner. The Freewill Baptist ministers and people stood aloof for a time, and being the most numerous and influential in town, the reform made slow progress, we failing to see that what we called the temperate use of strong drink was the legitimate parent of its intemperate use. As a minister of the gospel, I was compelled by the logic of my own reason-

ing to take my position against its use. I had seen the blighting influences of its use, temporally, morally and religiously, and the vow I had made when but a boy, on seeing a tear-drop on my mother's cheek, caused by the utterance of improper words from one she loved as husband, and I as father,—together with the arguments of those who had espoused the cause of temperance, and the fact that all who loved strong drink, and all who wanted to make money by its sale, were arrayed against the reform,—had much to do in my decision to sign the pledge and live by it myself, and induce all others to do so as far as I could. More than forty years have since passed, and I am still "fighting it out on this line." I have lived it,—I have preached it,—I have prayed it, and I have voted it whenever I could do so, conscientiously believing that I and all others are responsible to God for the influence we may have in all these matters. At first I could induce but few to join with me; only thirteen, I think, took the pledge the evening that I did.

The stormy cloud overshadowed us. Elder B——, my senior in the ministry and in age, took sides against me. The opposition was formidable, and many of my old friends were

foremost in their opposition to what they called an innovation to the customs of the fathers. I said, If it was the custom of the fathers to drink, and by their example induce others to drink, I was for innovation.

Brother B—— had the advantage of age and influence, and would sometimes bless God for rum, while I, as best I could, would preach against it. Brother Emery, though much from home in his travels to preach, joined with me, which did much to help me. Others fell in with us, and soon we felt sure that the right must prevail. A very unpleasant state of things was soon brought about, however, and the church was reported to the Q. M. A council was sent to aid in the adjustment of our difficulties, and their decision was accepted by the friends of temperance, but rejected by the church. The report of the council went to the next Q. M., and was accepted by that body, and then followed a declaration of independence by the church; and, subsequently, the church was expelled from the Q. M. I had by this time formed a church in the north part of the town, and with my church, having temperance as one plank of our platform, was received into the Q. M., so that when the old church, with its minister, Elder B——, was

rejected, I and my church remained in full fellowship. Then came the fierce struggle for membership in our two churches, one on the basis of temperance, and the other without any restraint, provided they did not get drunk.

One circumstance which occurred during this temperance and anti-temperance war, I deem proper to record, which is this: A minister in another town, who espoused the anti-side of the question, came to the assistance of Elder B——, preached the anties into an ecstasy of joy, left another appointment and went home. Of the two he was much the smarter man, and I dreaded him much more than I did Elder B——. The time for his next visit came, and the people came together in large numbers. They had waited long for the minister, when an individual arose in the congregation and said, "He will certainly be here, for I was at C. village this forenoon, and he was there on his way here." But no minister came, and the people dispersed. It was afterwards learned that some of his old friends had met him there and invited him to take a glass of liquor, which he did, and then he wanted another, and being a man given to indulgence in his youth, he was soon unfit to appear in public, and so went home. At the

time I did not, nor do I now, believe him a bad man, yet I think this was permitted to open his eyes and the eyes of those who opposed the reform. I was not slow, however, to use it in favor of my own side of the argument.

Another circumstance was this: My brother Theodore was ten years younger than myself, and for a long time I had been deeply concerned for him, when my burden for him was gone. He was then a young man at work with a brother Cobb, in the west part of the town. Returning home one night from the examination and ordination of brother John Pinkham, of Tamworth, passing through what was then called the ten-mile woods, in Freedom and vicinity, my thoughts again turned to him; and in my intense anxiety for his conversion, I seemed to lose all knowledge of time and place, as I was in earnest intercession with God for his salvation. How long this exercise lasted I could never tell. But in the exercise, it seemed to me that I visited him,—prayed with and for him,—heard him cry for mercy,—saw him delivered,—heard him relate his experience,—baptized him,—saw him under the impressions of a divine call,—heard him relate his call to preach the gospel,—

helped ordain him, and, last of all, saw him and myself baptizing our father and mother. My horse meanwhile had kept on his way, and I reached home just as the sun was rising, having traveled all night. On meeting my wife I exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, Theodore is going to be converted;" and then related my vision or waking dream as you please to call it. After suitable rest, I went over the mountain where my brother was at work. It was conference day at brother Cobb's, and when he left the field he invited Theodore to go down to the house with him. At first he thought he would go, as it would give him a chance to rest; but seeing my horse tied to the fence, the thought struck him, as related to me afterwards, that I was there after him. So he staid in the field till dark without his supper. I told brother Cobb that I came with a special message from God to Theodore, and that I should stay all night, if necessary, to deliver it. As it became too dark to hoe, and my horse was not at the fence, he thought I had gone, and so came to the house. I met him as I never had before, but suppressed my feelings somewhat till he had taken his supper, and then I did the errand I had come to do. He listened with calm dignity and respect, and

then I said, "I must pray with and for you once more, and it seems to me that it is the last time I shall ever feel to pray for you if you do not submit to God." It was a time of intense feeling with me, amounting to an agony of spirit for him, and before I closed, he fell on his knees and vocally prayed for himself. The whole family seemed to participate in the interest, and were all on their knees in prayer at once. The burden was soon gone from my mind and was on him and them; and as I sat and calmly surveyed the scene, I thought then and now think that I had a precious foretaste of heaven. Not a pain of body or mind did I experience, but all was peace within, and a serenity as calm as a sea of glass, and bright as though it were mingled with fire. I witnessed what I had felt assured of, and my faith never wavered till the whole vision was realized, although it was about eight years in being fulfilled.

I was once some forty miles from home, and my horse threw off one of his fore shoes, which I found, and called at a blacksmith's shop to get it set, and told the man that I was without money, but if he would set the shoe, I would at some future time see that he was paid. He declined to set it, saying that he

did not work for travelers that had no money. There was no other smith within several miles, and I said to him, "If you will not do it for a traveler without money, please do it as an act of mercy to the beast." At the close of my plea, he angrily said, "Lead in your horse." I did so, and he set the shoe. The charge in those days was ten cents, and I offered him a new Watts' Hymn Book, that cost seventy-five cents. The man readily took it, and I rode off singing, and really feeling that I could sing as well without the book as he could with it. I have never seen the man since, but I hoped then, and have ever since, that a good God would forgive and save him.

I continued my labors in Limington and vicinity for several years, during which time I saw a number of revivals and many conversions, and was much blessed in temporal and spiritual things. My youngest sister, Sarah, married a son of one of the deacons of my church, James T. Lord, who was one of my special friends. I married them, baptized them, and they were both especially dear to me. They had a number of children, one of them is now a licensed preacher; my sister, having passed over the river, is at rest in heaven.

I traveled eastward through Kennebec Co., Penobscot and Aroostook, to the St. Johns river, to Fredericton; and during this journey, had many interesting seasons in preaching and praying. I distributed a large number of small hymn books which were published about that time by A. Rollins and John Stevens. I had joined with brother Rollins in the publication of this little work because we thought that it would do good, and because we thought it would help us in our penury and want; and we had reason to hope that we were not disappointed in either. This was before we had any denominational hymn book.

I continued to labor in this way until my church at North Limington numbered some one hundred and sixty members. Another church was formed in the west part of the town and eastern part of Limerick, with temperance as one plank in its platform. This church numbered some sixty members, and in it was brother Charles Bean, who began to preach when a young man, and has been a most devoted and successful minister of the gospel.

CHAPETR VI.

In the fall of 1837 a plea was made through the *Star*, for help to be sent to the Montville Q. M., and that plea was signed "A Youth." When I read that plea, my feelings were stirred to their very depth, and after making it a matter of prayer, I decided that, with the approbation of our Home Mission Society, I would go. I went before the Board, then held in connection with the Y. M. at Raymond, offered my services, and was accepted, on the condition that I was to look to the Q. M. where I was to labor for support. I joyfully accepted the responsibilities of the position, believing that God was calling me to that field of labor.

After arranging my affairs, and commending my family to the care of Him who takes note of the fall of a sparrow, I set off upon the journey with feelings of sadness at parting with those I loved. My family, my church in Limington, and the converts in the surrounding neighborhood and towns, Cornish especially, where I had labored in connection with brother E. True, who came from Vermont un-

der the influence of a divine call, I have no doubt, were very near my heart, but duty was uppermost, and the pleasures of the family circle and the joys of Christian association were upon the altar.

At the end of the second day's travel I reached Montville, inquired for and found the house of brother Matthias Ulmer, the clerk of the Q. M. He was absent, but I related the circumstances that had called me hither, spoke of the article published in the *Morning Star*, signed "A Youth," and as I looked around the room upon younger brothers of the absent man, I fixed my gaze on one of them and said, "If I am not mistaken, that is the youth who wrote that article." The boys confessed that I was right.

Soon brother Ulmer came, and I reiterated to him my errand. He seemed much depressed, and told me that he was fearful that I was too late; stating that the last Q. M. had to be run by a Baptist minister. That moving away, backsliding, and general apostasy had done their work, and the brethren of the Q. M., as well as himself, were discouraged, and he thought the effort would prove a failure. This was on Thursday evening; we had prayers and retired. In the morning I told him I

was not in the habit of retreating till I had fired once, if no more, and I would be under his directions till Monday morning. He might make appointments for that day,—the next and the day following, which would be the Sabbath, and then we would decide what was best to be done in the premises. He did so, —went with me to the meetings, and when Monday morning came he was quite encouraged, and was very urgent for me to continue my labors and see what could be done. I concluded to do so, and sent out appointments in various directions. These meetings were encouraging, and my labors were continued up to the next session of the Q. M., held in the meeting-house at Smith's Mills in the town of Hope. When we assembled the prospect was quite discouraging. I stood on the hill near the meeting-house, and counted more houses in sight than there were people inside.

I felt sad as I surveyed the whole scene, and thought of my little home and friends in the western part of the State, but the thought of doing duty was above all other considerations, and, with a few of God's faithful ones, we went through the Q. M. business, and it seemed to be my lot to preach. I did as well as I could, through much weakness, yet the

good Lord was with us by his awakening power, and the meeting was protracted for some ten or twelve days. The anxious seats were generally full, and many were hopefully converted to God. Whole families were among the converts. One by the name of Fuller, on the Ridge, including father, mother, sons and the only daughter, were made happy in the joys of the Saviour.

Several incidents took place in this meeting which seem worth recording. One in reference to the occupancy of the front pews by those who wished to identify themselves as subjects of prayer. They were so used for several evenings, when a man insisted on occupying one of the pews, and as I asked him to vacate his seat to make room for the anxious, he very decidedly yet politely, replied, "This is my pew, sir." I remarked, "All right, sir," and then conducted the mourners to another pew; the result was, he was left alone in his pew. Prayer was offered for the anxious, not forgetting the lone man in his own pew. As he informed me afterwards, he went into that pew a hardened sinner, and an opposer to the work, yet his convictions there culminated in a resolution to seek the Lord and obtain pardon of sin if it was for him.

This resolution was put to a practical test, and Esq. Sylvester became a happy convert.

A young man, one of the Fuller family, said to me, "I have got Thomas Paine's Age of Reason, and now I am a Christian I have no more use for infidel works. What shall I do with it?" I said, "Hand it over to me, it you can feel safe to do so." This he did, and for the first time in my life, I had the opportunity of reading Paine's Age of Reason, or as I called it, his (Paine's) Age of Nonsense. That young brother became a pillar and a deacon in the church, lived a useful life and died a happy death.

Another incident showed me that God had his own way of doing his work, and all that I had to do was to be under his guidance. I was assisted in this revival by the faithful labors of brethren E. T. Fogg, Matthias Ulmer, Rev. Samuel Whitten and others. News of the revival spread into the towns joining, and a young lady by the name of Lamb came from Lincolnville, six miles on foot, to see and hear for herself, and especially to see and hear the new minister, or the missionary as I was then called. She came into the meeting with haughty airs, and, as she afterwards told me, surveyed the surroundings with a feeling of

contempt for all that she could see and hear, and especially for the one pointed out to her as the missionary, saying to herself, "I can stand all that he can say or do."

I began to sing one of my favorite hymns, which was new to her; the voice was new, and, ere she was aware, she found herself in tears as I came to that part of the hymn where it says of Christ,

> "He's got the keys of death and hell,
> He'll lock the sinner in,
> While those shall with their Saviour dwell
> Who hate the ways of sin."

Before the meeting closed, she was on her knees pleading for mercy, and subsequently became a happy convert and went home rejoicing in a new-found peace.

During this meeting, Rev. J. N. Rines came to my assistance, and I found him a good yokefellow in the work of the Lord. The work spread into other towns, Appleton, Lincolnville, Camden, South and North Montville, Liberty, &c. At McFarland's Corner, in the west part of Montville, was ground traveled over by the celebrated Colby, with here and there a standing tree of the old growth, that had withstood the powerful appeals of that de-

voted servant of the Lord. They were hard to reach, yet some of them were brought down in the eleventh hour. The youth, like the young saplings, were more easily moved, and the conversions were principally among this class. I had now got fairly into the fight with the enemies of revival. Skepticism of almost every grade arose in opposition, and I found myself often wanting in logic to rebut their arguments, but the Lord was with me, and the work went gloriously on till some 250 souls were happy in his love.

We next went to Lincolnville village, and held a protracted meeting, which lasted twenty-five consecutive days and evenings. Here we witnessed much of God's power in the salvation of souls. Among the saved were a number of young men who became able ministers of the New Testament. One by the name of Mathews is a leading Baptist minister in the State. Another, Jason Mariner, became a very successful minister in the Free-will Baptist denomination, and like all men worthy of notable mark, whether statesmen or ministers, he was good to his mother. Another was Justus Erskine, a young man of much promise, nor have we been disappointed in our expectations. Matthias Ulmer and Ezekiel

T. Fogg, of South Montville, were awakened to a new sense of obligation, and both were subsequently licensed to preach, and ordained as Evangelists.

The late Rev. Ebenezer Knowlton, then a young man belonging to the Christian Connection, came to us and united heart and hand, bringing with him most of his church in South Montville. He was ordained as pastor of the two churches, then united in one, and was, till his death, very much beloved for his work's sake, and respected for his talents as a statesman and a minister of Christ. He was a member of Congress for one term, but declined a second nomination, because he wished to devote his time to preaching the gospel, which he considered his life work.

Many striking incidents of individual conversion I must forbear to name, but one I must not omit. I had an appointment at Knox's Corner for a protracted meeting, and at the close of my first meeting, a gentleman invited me to make his house my home during my stay in the place. I did so, and went to his house. It being the last day of the year, I told the family that it was my practice to sit up and pray the old year out and the new one in. The family chose to sit with me, and

the time of prayer was very impressive. When dinner was ready the next day, we all stood around the table (it was then customary to stand and ask a blessing on table comforts), and the man kept his position till the amen was pronounced, and then left for the barn, but only to get into the door-yard, where he fell and began to cry for mercy. His voice reached us at the table, and his wife left for one room, his daughter, a young lady, went to another room, and left me and George Ulmer, a fellow-laborer, to eat or pray as we thought best. As our meeting would soon come, we concluded that the former was most urgent, and we ate our dinner while the family were away in tears and prayer. A multiplicity of engagements made it necessary for me to leave the place, and the Baptist minister gathered the fruits of the revival. The next time I passed that way, this man and his family were good and respected members of the Baptist church; he was afterwards sheriff of Knox county.

At the twenty-five days' meeting in Lincolnville, I had invited the mourners to the anxious seats, and, while in prayer, I felt something falling on my head and around me. When I had closed, I found that a pack of

cards had been thrown at me from the gallery, and gathering up a part of them, and holding them up before the congregation, I said to the young men in the gallery, "I shall take these home and put them among my sacred scripts to remember Lincolnville by;" and then turned my remarks to the anxious, and gave such advice as I thought best.

The next Thanksgiving day, four young men, supposed to be those concerned in throwing the cards upon my head, went upon the pond to skate, and the ice being thin, they broke in and three out of the four were drowned. The three were brought into the meeting-house, and thence carried to the grave. Ah! the sad fate of those who willfully sin against God!

During this meeting, there was a young man sick nigh unto death; he had been a school-teacher, and was a favorite among the young people,—had long been an infidel, and had promised his young friends that he would die by his infidel principles. Many of them believed that he would. The young lady that waited upon him, would sometimes approach him with the New Testament in her hand, and such was his enmity against the book, that, weak as he was, in the last stages of consump-

tion, he would reach out his emaciated arm and strike, or attempt to strike it away from her. I was utterly without hope in his case, till one day I felt impressed to go and see him, although he had taken pains to have it understood that he wanted no visits from me, or any other minister of the gospel. I went to the house, and found him sitting in his chair, having the appearance of a corpse. I was full of a keen sense of his imminent danger, but approached him with much care, and first inquired after his state of bodily health,—his mind was remarkably clear, and he frankly gave me his history, and said, "Here I am about to die." I remarked, "Do you feel willing and ready to die?" He answered, "No, I am not prepared." I then said, "What, in your own judgment, will prepare you?" He replied, with a great degree of feeling, "Nothing but an interest in the atoning blood of Christ, and I must have that applied here or I am lost." I said, "Do you feel willing that I should pray that you might now receive this boon?" His answer was, "I do." I then said, "Are you willing to kneel with me and pray for yourself, while I pray for you?" He answered, "I am," and slowly turned around to his chair, and looked like a

kneeling corpse; I offered prayer,—he broke out in audible sobs and prayed for himself. His infidelity forsook him, and he then and there threw himself upon the mercy of Christ and plead for the pardon of sin. It was then time for me to go back to the meeting, and as I told the congregation what had transpired in the sick room, it was like a thunder clap in a clear sky. One of the brethren came to me at the close of the meeting, much alarmed, and said, "I am sorry you said anything about it, for the Universalist preacher has gone right up there from the meeting, and he will probably make the young man deny it all." I told him not to fear, God would see to that, and it would all be right. The minister did go as he said, but the young man was true to his convictions. This was a glorious victory, and silenced skepticism and infidelity more than I could have done with all the logic I was master of. When I afterwards came back, the young man was gone, but he was true to his convictions,—sought and found the Saviour and died happy in the love of Christ.

In conversation with Elder McFarland at his house, I happened to refer to the discussion held by Mr. Kendrick, a Baptist minister, and a Universalist minister, not long before

that time in another town, where the Universalist denied the moral agency of man. Elder McFarland claimed that this was the true doctrine, but it would not do to preach it. I claimed, that if it was the true doctrine, it ought to be preached. He claimed that he was excused because the people would not receive it. One of his leading men heard of the discussion, and sent me a challenge to discuss the question publicly. I accepted, and a day was appointed. The people assembled and filled the large school-house to its utmost capacity. The question was fairly stated in these words: It is as much impossible for man in his moral agency to counteract God's design, as it is for one drop of water to rise up in Nobleborough pond and obstruct the ebb and flow of the tide in Damariscotta river.

He took the affirmative and I the negative. My opponent spoke three-quarters of an hour, and I occupied fifteen minutes, and then remarked that I was ready for the vote, as it was to be decided by vote of the congregation. To his, and also to my own surprise, but one person rose in favor of his argument. As nearly two-thirds of the congregation were Universalists, I expected he would have a strong vote; but, as it was, I declined to have the negative

vote taken, and said to him, "You see, sir, that your own friends are ashamed of your doctrine, and I do not wonder at it." This closed the only public discussion I ever had, the result of which was a triumph of truth over error.

A Mr. French, of Liberty village, a very prominent and leading man, a merchant in the place, and one of the strong advocates of Universalism, whose wife and daughter had become interested in the revival, said to me, "I want you to make my house your home. I have plenty of straw and provender, and you and your horse shall be more than welcome. For myself, I believe Universalism, but I do not want my wife and children to believe it." I thanked him for his kindness, and said, "I do not understand why you wish that your wife and children should not believe what you believe to be true." He very calmly and yet decidedly said, "I was once in the enjoyment of religion myself, and I have seen Universalism in all its various phases, from germ to ripened fruit, and the doctrine, judged by its fruit, is bad, and I do not want my family to believe it. I prefer that they should go to your meetings and be converted." I accepted his kind invitation, and his wife and one of his

daughters were numbered with the converts, and I baptized them. This to me, was mighty logic against the doctrine of the unconditional salvation of all men.

Another circumstance which took place before I left South Limington was this: In the midst of the interesting revivals in various towns, I was impressed with the duty of going back to Sebago, where I commenced to preach. I went, and the Lord poured out his Spirit upon the people. That same William Haley was again aroused and powerfully wrought upon. His wife became most earnestly engaged, and was very faithful in duty. He became so much awakened that he finally came to the conclusion that he must either submit to God, or stay away from the meetings. So, to settle the matter, he swore that he would never go into a meeting again where John preached. I continued my labors in the place, and one day I had a meeting near his house, and I still had an intense feeling for him. He was plowing in his field. His wife had to pass him as she came to meeting, and after she had passed him, he was so distressed in his mind, that he told his boy who was driving the team, to turn out the oxen and let them feed, while he went up to the meeting a little

while. He came, and to be true to his promise, sat on the door-step and listened to the sermon. While I was preaching, a very heavy shower came over us, and in the midst of thunder, lightning and rain, he was glad to come in. I paused as he passed by me into the room, and then resumed speaking, and God continued thundering and lightning, and the rain fell in torrents. This was a most impressive scene, and the whole assembly seemed to feel the influence of a divine power. Haley sat on his seat a few moments, and then fell upon his knees and cried aloud for mercy; and when I closed speaking, a number of the congregation, Haley among the rest, were in an agony of prayer for themselves.

It seemed to me then, that, as I had exhausted all human instrumentalities, God sent this shower to do what was not in the power of mortals to perform. I have loved the appearance of a thunder-cloud ever since. William Haley was there hopefully converted, and has lived a devoted Christian life, and the last time I saw him more than forty years had passed, and he was rejoicing in the hope of a life beyond the grave.

I continued my labors in the Montville Q. M., occasionally returning to my family, till

1839, when I was chosen by the Penobscot Y. M. a delegate to the General Conference in Ohio. I performed my duties as delegate, and returned, having traveled 1500 miles, and of the one hundred dollars raised by the Y. M. to meet my expenses, I had about thirty dollars left. Tired in, but not of, the work, I had become deeply interested in the welfare of the Montville Q. M., and felt that my labor for the time being must be in that section. It was thought best that I should move my family into that section of the State. Accordingly I sold my little home in North Limington, and in January, 1839, moved to Windsor Neck,—bought a little farm and settled my family there, while I continued to travel and preach under the direction of the Home Mission Board. Here in Windsor, Whitefield, Jefferson, South China, Palermo, and other places, I witnessed much of the outpouring of the Spirit, and many were brought to Christ. Here I remained some seven years till my boys had grown to be young men. I had given them a tolerably good academical education, and they were competent to teach in most of the common branches, but as they preferred to leave home and look out for themselves, I gave them up to the God in whom I

trusted. They had both, while with me, entertained a hope in the Saviour, and when they left it was a day of sadness to me and my wife, she fully believing that she would never see the eldest one again. This proved to be true. For she died before he returned.

CHAPTER VII.

Some incidents may be worthy of record during the several years I resided in Windsor. During a revival in Jefferson and Whitefield, in which we witnessed many conversions, I was assisted by brethren Stinson, Tyler, Bush and others. These men were workers in the Lord's vineyard, and I found them good yokefellows in Christ.

In Whitefield the revival interest was such that the brethren, assisted by the community generally, and some of the people in Jefferson, built a meeting-house near Whitefield Corner, and for a time worship was sustained in it. I preached there a portion of the time with good

success; fifteen happy converts were baptized at one time, and others followed the Master in the same ordinance at different times.

About one mile distant from the Corner in Whitefield, lived a man whose wife belonged to the Baptist church, a woman of much prayer, and considerable strength of body and mind. The husband had been forward for prayers in the meeting on several occasions; he prayed in secret, and still found no relief. She had felt for some time that he was having it impressed on him to kneel and pray in his family, and that he would never obtain relief till he did so. One morning he was called to breakfast, came in and sat down to the table, but could not taste food; and attempting to leave the house, his wife, thinking that he felt it his duty to pray in his family, caught him by the arm, and, looking him square in the face, said, "You shall not go out of this house until you have done your duty here." She led him to a chair, and prevailed on him to kneel and pray, she kneeling with him; and then and there an evidence of pardon came, and he was made very happy in the Saviour. I afterward baptized him, and in relating his experience, he said that he was one of the sailors on the ship that carried the timber for the

first meeting-house ever built on the Sandwich Islands. He lived a faithful Christian life and died a happy death.

I also established a meeting at Weeks' Mills, South China, and we witnessed a glorious revival in that place. Here were some of the most devoted members of the Windsor church, and although it weakened our interest there, it was thought best for them to go on with the interest at the Mills. Deacon Doe and his family lived here, also brethren Howes and Chadwick. Brother Abel Chadwick did much in aiding the cause, and we succeeded in building a house of worship. Here lived the father of G. F. Mosher, the present editor of the *Morning Star*. He was then but a boy, and the Lord touched his young heart, and he is now a shining light in the world.

I also labored in a protracted meeting in the west part of Windsor, in connection with the Baptist minister by the name of White, and others. These brethren had always worshiped in a school-house, and when I arrived one evening, the house was literally packed. I said, "I am glad to see you crowded, and I hope it will lead you to build a meeting-house." This produced a smile. Although it was a Baptist meeting, I felt quite at home, and pro-

ceeded to speak as the Lord gave me utterance, and it was a solemn, weeping time. As I sat down, one of the Baptist ministers said to me, in a low tone, "What shall we do? we are so crowded that we can not ask the anxious forward." I said "If it was my meeting, I would ask the deacons and some others to leave, and make room for the anxious." He said, "I am fearful that it will not be well received," being in March and quite cold. I said, "If you are afraid to do it, I will ask them." He wished me to do so, and I arose and said, "We want Deacon Barton and Deacon Hallowell, and about twenty others, who hope you are Christians, to go out and make room for as many more to come to the anxious seats." They very readily did so, and about twenty came forward for prayers. This was then a solemn place. God was in our midst. Many prayers were offered, and several prayed aloud for mercy, and the work went gloriously on. Some that stood through the meeting fell on their way home, and the work spread into different neighborhoods. As this was Baptist ground, I advised the converts to unite with that church, which they did, nearly all of them, and in June following, they dedicated a new and convenient meeting-house,

and I had the satisfaction of taking part in the services.

I also traveled to Boothbay, and there labored in a glorious revival. I spent most of the time for a year in this revival. The church was much quickened, and many were hopefully converted. In one of our protracted meetings, a proposition was made that all who hoped that they were Christians, and all who wanted to be Christians, should kneel for a season of prayer, and it was judged that four hundred were on their knees together; and at another time, ninety were at the anxious seats for prayer. A sea captain came to me at the close and said, "My crew are all forward for prayers to-night, and I shall sail to-morrow." He was a pious man, and had been waiting in the harbor for his crew to become interested. One of them told me after his return, that the worst words he heard uttered during the voyage, were Yes sir, and No sir,—such was the effect of the revival on sailors' habits.

CHAPTER VIII.

Having accepted an appointment from the Home Mission Board to go to Nova Scotia, in answer to a call from that province, I went, but I was not contented there, feeling that it was not my place of labor, and so returned after three months, having had the satisfaction of seeing some hopeful conversions. But it has ever seemed to me that this was one of the mistakes of my life, and I have believed that God would overrule mistakes, and I have left it with him.

In all these places where I have traveled and preached, I have never failed to bear testimony against intemperance in its various forms,—the sale of intoxicating drinks, and the evils of slavery. In bearing a faithful testimony against these evils, I have often brought the fire of the enemy upon me, and have frequently had the cold shoulder of brethren in the church. This was particularly true in Boothbay, where a brother in the church who was a trader, brought into the place a half-barrel of rum for sale. I reproved him, and in public said that I should as soon have

thought of his buying and bringing into the place a half-barrel of Satan. For this he never forgave me, and I never asked him to. My support was always raised by private donations and public contributions, and my uniform rule, when contributions were about to be taken, was to say that we did not wish rumsellers or slave-holders to put in their money; for it was the price of blood, and ought not to go into the Lord's treasury. All candidates for baptism were questioned upon these points, and if they were not sound, were set aside.

Another incident of travel, when I went to Byron, N. Y., to General Conference, was this: On our way from Stonington to New York City, on board the steamboat, it was reported that a young man had been robbed of some fifteen hundred dollars during the night; and as his berth was near to mine, I did not know but suspicion would rest on me. When we reached New York, we were all locked into the cabin to be searched. I believed that God would care for and vindicate the innocent. The young man himself was the first to be searched, and he was the only one, for he was made to own that he gambled the money away, and then cut his own pocket and claimed that he was robbed, so that he could ac-

count to his employers, as the money belonged to them. What became of him I never knew, but this I *do* know, that he entered the road to death, and so do all who take a like course. This delay compelled us to stop in the city over the Sabbath, and, in company with others of the delegation from Maine, I attended church with our colored friends, and preached in the evening to a congregation of nearly fifteen hundred persons. These people were very enthusiastic when we announced our sentiments on the subject of slavery. So on the whole we found it easy to be reconciled to our stay in the city. Passing up the Hudson, I came near getting myself into trouble by remonstrating with the captain for racing with another boat, and the boats at one time came near colliding. I told them that if the racing was not stopped, I would put the law to them if I ever reached the shore.

I was also a delegate to General Conference, in Conneaut, Ohio, and was one of the council that examined Dr. Housley for ordination. Dr. Housley was all right in doctrine, but in practice he was a slave-holder, and this was the reason why he was refused ordination among us. He was like the man who told his experience for baptism, and would have been

received, but in his practice he *would* steal chickens.

CHAPTER IX.

About this time the itinerancy gave place to the pastorate, and many of our ministers changed their mode of life from the traveling to the settled ministry; and two brethren, Ezra Stevens and Ray Thompson, came to Windsor to give me a call to preach with the church in Gardiner, at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars. I was informed that the church was unable to pay more, as the house they worshiped in was built and owned by Richard Clay, a man of reputed wealth, and favoring the sentiments of our people. He was a brother of Rev. H. Clay, of Buxton. I accordingly made arrangements and moved my family there in the spring of 1844.

Here I found myself and family, then consisting of myself, wife and youngest son, surrounded by a very kind and loving company

of brethren and sisters; and the people of the place were courteous and kind. I visited and prayed in various families, attended prayer meetings during the week, having but little time for study or preparation for the Sabbath; yet at times was much assisted and felt that God was with me. Some revival and some few additions to the church by baptism and otherwise, encouraged us to labor on. Only about six months had passed, when my wife, who had been in feeble health for a number of years, was confined to the house with a fever. Here I met the severest trial of my life thus far; my wife sick at home, and our son sick with the same fever, in a neighboring house; the neighbor kindly taking home the sick boy, so that he would be better cared for than he could possibly be in the same tenement with his sick mother. I felt for a time that my trials were too severe for humanity to bear, as I stood by the sick wife till into the late hours of night, and then went to the neighbor to see how the boy was. But in this dark hour, I felt the strength of that divine arm on which I had learned to lean in the days of prosperity.

This state of things lasted about four weeks, when my wife closed the scenes of her earth-life, and, I firmly believe, went to her rest in

heaven. Just before she passed away, being perfectly sensible, she disposed of her things and made arrangements for her funeral, choosing a man to preach, Rev. Hermon Stenson, and then said, "John, I wish I could know how you feel." I replied that it would be an impossibility for me to tell her how I felt, but she must judge of my feelings by what I had done. She replied, "You have done well." This to me was a great satisfaction. At the conclusion of this interview, she remarked, "There is one thing more, if it would not be asking too much of you. I should be glad to be buried in the grave-yard at Limerick, near my old grandfather Leavitt." I remarked, "This shall be done if you wish it;" but she said, "Won't it be too costly?" I said, "If it is your wish, the cost will not prevent. I will have you put in a tomb till winter, and then you shall be carried to Limerick for final burial." "All right," she remarked, "and now if I could see my children, I could die in peace." She closed with this remark: "John, be faithful in preaching the gospel till life closes." The boy was then brought from his sick-room, and she gave her parting blessing to him, uttered a short prayer for the absent one, and the scene closed.

This was a solemn scene, and as I turned away from the room, the world looked to me more like a wilderness than ever before. But friends gathered around me, and every effort was made that could be to lighten my sorrows and assuage my grief. Long shall I remember the band of loving hearts that seemed to vie with each other in lightening the burdens that so suddenly came upon me. In four weeks' time, my wife sickened and died, and I had become a boarder in the same tenement with a man and his wife, who had boarded with us. My son went to his school, and from that to teaching, and I went on in my work alone, only I felt that the Lord did not forsake me. When winter came, I fulfilled my promise, and had the remains of my wife carried to Limerick and buried as she requested. I followed the coffin some seventy miles, and there met my eldest son, C. A. Stevens, who was teaching in Cohoes, N. Y., and came to Maine to attend the final interment of the mother he loved. A sermon was preached by Rev. Zechariah Jordan, from the text, "Even so them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." I occupied a room with my son that night, and in the early morning I missed him from the bed, and when he came,

he told me that he had been to the grave of his mother to kneel and pray for himself. In the morning we parted; he went back to his school in N. Y., and I to my field of labor in the city of Gardiner.

I labored here for about two years,—had some success, and during the time a meeting-house was built. I helped dig the trench and haul the stone for the foundation, with my own hands, and out of a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars, I managed to pay my bills, and gave twenty-five dollars towards building the house. The meeting-house being done and paid for, I told the brethren that it was best for them to get another minister, and I would seek a field elsewhere. Accordingly, arrangements were made for Rev. J. L. K. Staples, who then preached in Bath, to take my place, and for me to take his.

Many incidents of interest took place during my labors in Gardiner. In several instances, I collected money for others more needy than myself, as I thought. Brother Daniel Jackson, because of infirmity, wished to go South. I visited a number of churches and solicited aid for him, and succeeded in obtaining money to bear his expenses on his journey, which was thankfully received.

Brother Thomas Tyler, who was often brought into straight places on account of want, was remembered in my efforts to do good, and I frequently made an effort in his behalf, and had the satisfaction of carrying to his family the comforts of life, while he was faithfully preaching the gospel of the blessed God.

CHAPTER X.

I closed my pastorate of two years in Gardiner, leaving the church in harmony and love, and with a good meeting-house; and went to Bath to take charge of a weak interest in that city, without a place of worship except the city hall. As usual, I nerved myself to the task before me, preaching in the city hall on the Sabbath, and attending prayer-meetings and visiting during the week. I felt very lonely, being only a boarder in the family of Capt. Swanton, one of the leading members of my church, a good man with a kind and generous wife and family.

I remained in this city some few months, a lone boarder, and although every attention was paid to my wants, I could not shake off the loneliness of my situation; and I resolved, notwithstanding former resolutions, to seek for one to share with me the joys and sorrows incident to life. Nearly two years had passed since I had lost the companion of my youth, and I felt that there was one and only one in all the valuable acquaintances I had whom I could invite to take this responsibility, and this was a lady member of the church in Gardiner, where I had spent the last two years, and an intimate acquaintance of my former wife. I accordingly pressed my suit, obtained a favorable response, and on Sabbath, May 23d, 1847, I was married to Miss Agnes Amee, of Gardiner, Me., by the Rev. J. L. K. Staples, who preached in the church where I had been settled. Success and defeat have attended my feeble efforts since, but in all the varied changes of sorrows and joys, she has ever been faithful to her trust, an agreeable companion and true helpmate; and now in my old age and infirmities, devotes her life to my happiness and interests. She is some eighteen years younger than I, but is always happy in seeing my happiness augmented.

I remained at Bath some four years, and preached in the city hall,—had meetings frequently in the surrounding neighborhoods, and occasionally we were blessed with revival interests, baptisms and additions to the church. After my second marriage we continued to board with Captain Swanton's family, till I had built a cottage on Green Street, when we moved into our new house. Here we enjoyed ourselves as well, I think, as is the common lot of mortals. Divine favor was evidently ours, and we labored in hope. I sometimes found myself in straight places, on account of my radical views on the temperance and anti-slavery questions that then agitated the community. We kept one of the depots on the underground railroad, and this brought us some callers; but our faith told us that God would help us, and he did.

At one time I was hard pushed by the lovers of rum for publishing an article in the temperance paper at Gardiner, the "Cold Water Fountain," at which the rumsellers took exceptions, and they were about to bring me before the court. I was feeling somewhat sad, as I was poor and poorly able to meet the expense of litigation. As I was walking the street one day and pondering upon the situa-

tion, I was called into the counting room of J. B. Swanton, Esq., and questioned as to my means of defense. I informed him; and then he said, "Whenever you need money to defend yourself in this suit, I am able and my money is at your call to any amount you may need." I thanked him, and as I left the office I felt assured of victory, for I had God and J. B. Swanton's purse to help me. When Judge Groton and the rumsellers found that I had a backer in the person of Mr. Swanton, the action was quashed, and this was the last of it.

It was while I was settled in Bath, that I was called upon to advise in a family trouble between Rev. J. L. K. Staples and wife. He was then settled as pastor at Parker's Head, some ten miles below me. I gave such advice as I thought necessary, but it failed to effect a reconciliation. The result was, a council of ministers was called, and he was tried for unchristian conduct in his family, found guilty and his credentials demanded. This so disaffected a leading family in the church at Bath, that I ultimately found it best to resign my pastorate here. Staples proved the truthfulness of my position by absconding with the only daughter of the family so offended with me.

I was chosen a member of the General Conference, to be held in Providence, R. I., in 1850. The Conference was in session, when the fugitive slave law was passed by Congress and immediately resolved itself into a convention to examine the provisions of the bill.

Speeches were made by Revs. Martin Cheney, C. Phinney, E. Noyes, J. Stevens and others, to the effect that the bill was in open violation of our chartered rights as citizens of a free republic, contrary to the principles of Christianity, and that the only obedience, we, as Christian citizens, would ever render to its behests, should be the suffering of its penalties. When I arrived home, the politicians of Bath set upon me in a severe manner for the position I had taken, but I frankly avowed my sentiments, and told them I should harbor any and every fugitive slave that came to my house for aid or shelter; and if they were disposed to enforce the law against me, I should peacefully suffer its penalties. I justified myself in this position on the ground that the law was contrary to the law of God, and I should obey God rather than man. I claimed that I had the example of all the martyrs from Abel down to Smithfield and the gallows in Boston, when Mary Dyer paid the extreme penalty of

a wicked law, by rendering obedience to a divine one.

The sentiments of the convention were adopted by the General Conference and the denomination generally, and this strengthened public opinion and aided the downfall of slavery. My letter of resignation was received by the church, and a letter of recommendation given me, and I took leave of a band of brethren and sisters that were made dear to me in the ties of Christian love.

CHAPTER XI.

About this time I received a call from a few Freewill Baptist brethren in Augusta, Me. On investigation, I found a few members of the church gathered in that city, by Rev. Silas Curtis, some eight years before, and to whom he preached for a term of years in the old court house. Brother John M. Plummer and family, brother Alvin Fogg and family, and a few others, were very desirous that I should

come and make an effort to gather the scattered sheep of the fold. Accordingly I entered the field, although it had a very uninviting appearance at the time. They could offer me but two hundred and fifty dollars as a salary, and then some hoped that the Home Mission Society would do something to assist me. Our first meeting gave us encouragement, and it was soon apparent that the time for an effort had come. We soon obtained Darby hall for our place of worship, and I removed my family and settled in the place. At our first Sabbath-school in Darby hall, we had, superintendent, teachers and scholars, nine all told, and up three flights of stairs, fifty-two stairs in all. This was the beginning of the present Freewill Baptist church in Augusta. I wrote a letter to Rev. Silas Curtis, then chairman of the Home Mission Board, stating our condition and prospects, and saying if the Board would help me stand there for a short time, I would, with God's help, cut a niche in that rock for some faithful minister to stand in through the rest of time. The Board made a favorable response, and for a time I was much blessed in my feeble efforts to preach the gospel and lead souls to Christ.

At first many of the citizens and some of

our ministers were quite doubtful of our success. Rev. Mr. Judd, a minister in the place, had the honesty to tell me that he thought there was no call for any effort in the place, and that there was not room for me or for a Freewill Baptist church in Augusta. I asked him if he knew how many non-church goers there were in the city. He told me that he did not. I showed him the number of inhabitants,—the number of church goers, and that there were from twelve to fourteen thousand left out. In taking this view of the matter, he readily changed his mind and gave me a new Bible for my pulpit.

In six months our Sabbath-school numbered one hundred and twenty, with an increase of the congregation, so that our hall, seating about three hundred, was usually well filled, and additions to the church by baptism and letter, until its numbers and moral force were respected in the city. I received very kind and courteous treatment from the ministers and members of the other churches in the place, and it was manifest that we were doing a good work.

I had served the church in the capacity of pastor not quite two years, when the Rev. O. B. Cheney took charge as pastor, and by his

and the faithful labors of his successors, a house of worship was built, and the church and parish found themselves able and willing to give a comfortable support to the ox that treadeth out the corn.

I omitted one item, which I deem worthy of note, that took place while I was stationed at Gardiner. A good brother came after me to go to South China, saying that a union meeting which was appointed by the Freewill Baptists, Methodists and C. Baptists, had been disturbed and broken up by two men by the name of Brown and Robbins, and that the ministers and brethren in attendance were very desirous that I should come to their assistance. I accordingly gave out an appointment to preach the next evening. When I arrived in the place, I found the people and the ministers in much excitement, not knowing what was best to be done. The meeting had again been broken up, and the congregation frightened out of doors,—up street and down street, while those two men shouted and laughed. I told them that the most sacred rights of American citizens were in jeopardy by the conduct of these men, and if they would stand true, I would make an example of them if they disturbed the meeting that evening. They put

the meeting into my hands, the evening came, the house was full, and I announced the order of the meeting, and said that if the rules of the meeting were violated, I should assuredly try the strength of law, and see whether our rights to worship God according to the dictates of conscience were to be protected or not.

I then announced my text, and in a discourse of forty or fifty minutes, I was interrupted thirty times by these two men. I had employed a man to mark the disturbers, and informed the people at the close of the service that there would be a meeting the next day at half-past ten o'clock, and if Mr. Brown and Mr. Robbins would come into that meeting and confess their wrongs and promise to make no more disturbance, it should all be well; if they did not come and make confession and promise, I should put them into the hands of the law. They failed to put in an appearance the next day. I closed the meeting, and went to Augusta in the afternoon and entered complaint,—an officer was sent to China, and the two men brought to Augusta and lodged in jail. Brown obtained bail, and went home the next day; but Robbins refused to get bail, and so laid in jail some six weeks, until court sat, and then they had their trial,—paid their cost,

and were put under bonds for future good conduct, and the meetings there have never been disturbed since. This is the only time that I ever invoked the assistance of law, and I have never had any compunctions for that which was done for the good of the community and not for myself.

At another time I was called to go to Liberty village, to assist a struggling church whose meetings had been disturbed by those who called themselves Come-outers. They were led by one Start, who was a graduate at Bangor Theological Seminary, and had been licensed to preach. I had formerly made his acquaintance, and thought him a promising young man; but he espoused the advent doctrine, and as the predictions of the end of the world did not come at that time, he went, with many others, into come-outism, and opposed all, and especially all ministers who did not agree with him.

I went with brother Spring, and told the friends that I would go to their meeting that evening, as the best thing to be done in the present crisis. We went and sat near the door of the hall. Some were on their knees in an attitude of prayer, and others exhorting as they sat on their seats. Others lay their length on

the floor, laughing. Soon it was discovered that I was in the meeting, and then almost the entire attention of the leaders was directed to me. Utterances like these were heard thick and fast, by both men and women: "Lord, drive that decent devil out doors." "You church minister, you hen hawk of hell, what are you here for?" The whole exercise was turned in this direction, and the leaders of the meeting spent their whole endeavors to drive me out, but did not succeed. I stayed until the meeting closed, and then retired, feeling nothing but a pity in my heart for the deluded devotees of fanaticism; and said to my friends that the best and only thing I could do for them, was to go to the come-out meeting and let them fight me, and they would kill themselves. I had preached in the place years before and the people knew me. Come-outism spent its fury on me,—the leaders closed their protracted meeting and left the place. The churches again resumed their meetings of regular worship, and the people became attentive again to the ordinances of the gospel.

Another incident, showing the constancy of the faith of assurance. While I was in Windsor I came home one day, and my wife said, "We have got a letter from the West, and

your mother is very sick if not now dead." "Ah," I said, "she is not dead, and she can not die till she is baptized." "What a strange man you are," she said, "you do not know but she is dead;" yet I reiterated, "My mother can not die till she is baptized." Soon after this I received a letter from my brother Theodore, then preaching in Acton, informing me that I must meet him in Limington, and that he and I were to baptize our father and mother. I hastened to inform him that I would meet him on a certain Sabbath, and in the providence of God we were permitted to meet on the appointed day at the Methodist church; then, standing near the creek, and in the presence of a multitude of people, we all joined hands and walked into the stream, and I baptized our father, and he our mother. This was a glorious day to us, and especially to me, as it was the entire fulfillment of the vision I had some eight years before. Never had my faith even wavered for the whole eight years that the vision had been fulfilling.

CHAPTER XII.

I now take up the thread of my experience at Augusta. I had received a call to go to Wayne village and take charge of a small interest, with the promise of a good support, although the salary specified was small. Having resigned my little charge to the care of brother Cheney, and settled my bills, I left the place and our good friends there, with three dollars in my pocket, and went to Wayne village, where we were cordially received, and where we spent some of the most happy years of life. My pastorate lasted some three years. The Baptists and Methodists seemed to vie with each other in trying to make our stay in the place pleasant and prosperous. God bless those Christian brethren, has been my constant prayer. This feeling was entirely reciprocated; for after I had been absent for about a year, I went back to spend a Sabbath, and the Baptist and Methodist meetings were dismissed by their pastors, and all came to the Freewill Baptist house to hear me preach. This was a compliment that I was not looking for, and felt that I had no right to expect.

The years of our toil in Wayne resulted in some conversions and additions to the church. I was assisted in my labors by Rev. B. L. Lombard, a local preacher belonging to the church. I have loved brother and sister Lombard for their Christian honesty and faithfulness in Christ. Many others are remembered by us as among the faithful in the Lord's house, among whom were Capt. Gardiner and wife, brother and sister Gott, brother and sister Berry, Gardiner Foss of Leeds, Dea. Hutchinson and wife of Fayette, who used to ride four miles or more to meeting, Z. B. Reed, Esq., and wife; and the converts I had baptized were especially dear to us. But we thought it duty to leave, though it is one of the bitterest items of my experience to leave a flock that I had labored with, loved and cherished, in not knowing who would go in and out before them; and in this case it was exceedingly painful. But I committed them to God and the word of his grace. We had an auction and sold the most of our furniture, and the rest we gave to a brother Hammon, a member of the church, who was poor. We left Wayne in good union, a good congregation and meeting-house free from debt. Adversity soon fell upon them; removals by death and otherwise, and divisions

in the church, well nigh obliterated the society, and the meeting-house is now used as a school-house.

I had, by invitation, visited several places; Portsmouth, N. H., Amesbury, Mass., but for some reason no further relation was sought, and I guess the feeling was mutual; so it seemed that Doughty's Falls, in North Berwick, was to be the place of our labor for a term of years. We soon found ourselves settled in the parsonage at North Berwick among a kind-hearted people. Our congregation was usually quite large, as there was then no other meeting in the village. It was composed of persons of various beliefs, in matters of politics and religion. Having been accustomed to utter in the pulpit what I believed to be true in religion, and sound in morals in all political action, it was not strange that some of my hearers should dissent, and some were offended. It being at a time when the people, to a great extent, were led by rum-loving and liberty-hating politicians, and some of the leaders of these interests were members of my congregation; hence it is not strange that an effort was made to neutralize my influence to some extent; yet to the praise of God be it said, the church, as a general thing stood by

me, and I did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God as I understood it.

I held meetings in several neighborhoods, and on the whole felt that the divine presence was with me, although but little revival influence was experienced during the years of my labor there. I left the church in good union, and in working order, and my brother that followed me soon had additions by baptism and otherwise. We had many warm friends in and out of the church, particularly in the Society of Friends, and we have cherished a grateful feeling towards them unto this day.

One Sabbath, in the morning prayer, I alluded to the prisoners in Kansas (Robinson and others), who were then in prison for attempting to defend the State against the encroachments of the slave power, and while I was in prayer for them, one of our leading men left his pew and the house. This somewhat alarmed some of the brethren, and they came to me after service with considerable feeling that Col. H. should leave. I very calmly remarked, "Yes, there was a kind, anciently, that went not out but by prayer and fasting; no strange thing for devils to run when Christians pray."

At another time, I was attacked in the post-

office by a young lawyer, for some ungrammatical utterance on the preceding Sabbath. I knew his history, and I knew that it was not that he cared so much for the utterance, as he did for the sentiment expressed. I very calmly replied,

You, sir, have the advantage of me in early educaticnal facilities, and if my father had been kept in public office so that he could have educated his sons with public money, I could have had an early education as well as you; and no man ought to say what should be preached in the pulpit until he had paid his pew rent, at least; and then it would be of no use for him or any other man to dictate what shall or what shall not be preached in a pulpit that I was called to occupy. I came into York county to bore temperance holes into it, to let the dark out, and I propose to do it.

This was so effectually done in a few years, that the county was carried by a decided majority for temperance and liberty.

CHAPTER XIII.

The time had now come when my thoughts went out in search of another field, where I

could see more fruit of my labors. The church at Wells Branch was without a pastor, and, receiving a unanimous call, I moved my family there, and was again settled in the parsonage, surrounded by a generous and kind-hearted people. With this people I labored some three years, saw some conversions, baptisms, and additions to the church, until the year 1859, when I left. As a people, they seemed intent on looking after the temporal wants of their minister. It was here I received my largest donation. The last that they made me, they left for our benefit, outside of the salary, one hundred and fourteen dollars, mostly cash, and the uniform kindness of the people was in keeping with their liberality on this occasion.

It was during my stay in Wells that I was appointed to speak on the subject of education, at our anniversaries in Lowell, Mass., in the autumn of 1859. The position assigned me was the middle speech, between two professors, Rev. I. D. Stewart of New Hampton, and Rev. H. E. Whipple of Hillsdale College. I could not give even an outline of the speeches that preceded and succeeded me, as I was so absorbed in thought in regard to my own position, knowing as I did that I belonged to the

class of uneducated men, while they both were men of thorough education and culture. At that time it was argued by many that educated and uneducated men in the ministry could not work together harmoniously. I had prepared the outlines of my speech so as to show that there should be no friction between the two elements. When I was called to speak, all embarrassment left me for the time being, and my remarks were substantially as follows:

BROTHER CHAIRMAN:—I never felt more confident of success in all my life. I am to make a speech in the interest of education, and if I succeed in making a decent effort, it will show what self-culture will do for a man that has not had the advantages of the schools; and I am placed here between my two learned brethren, a fossil remain of a ministry that has well nigh passed away. If I am dumb-founded and can say nothing to the point, it will of course show the need of an education. So, which ever way it may turn with me, the cause is sure to be benefited. ["Yankee turn, that;" said a Western member, in an undertone.]

There should be no friction between the two classes amongst us.

1st. From the fact that God designed his ministry to meet the varied wants of the world, both the learned and unlearned, and both have the same end in view, the salvation of those to whom they preach; and so far as the end is reached by the efforts of both, we should labor in harmony and love.

2d. Both classes are liable to, and do make mistakes.

The unlearned are adepts in some things, while the learned are not posted in all matters; hence we see mistakes on both sides. Why should one class find fault with the other? Each can criticise the other on some points, and I will first instance some mistakes made by illiterate men,—men who, if we judge them by the fruits they bear, were sincere and useful in their endeavors to do work for the Master. A man of this class arose in a school-house pulpit, with the New Testament in his hand wrong end up, and announced his text in the backside of Job. This man could not read, and yet I heard him offer a prayer that reached the heart of a haughty young man, who was soundly converted, and became an efficient minister of the gospel.

Another instance was this: A very good man, and quite successful in his ministry in winning souls to Christ, arose in his pulpit and announced his text in Plasims. A brother in the desk with him said, in a low tone of voice, "Psalms, brother." Turning around, he said, "P-S-A-L-M-S. If that don't spell Plasims, I don't know what it does spell," and went on with his discourse. That brother is now before me in this congregation, and has been very successful in his labors to save souls.

Some mistakes have been made by the educated class. A good minister, and said to be one of our best pastors, from your schools, was preaching at one of our Yearly Meetings recently, and I heard him quote Jeffries as one of the martyrs. He was the judge that sat upon the bench when Richard Baxter was fined five hundred marks and imprisoned for writing a paraphase on the New Testament, and now by a learned minister he is quoted as among the martyrs. Who knows but two hundred years hence, I may be quoted among the heroes?

Another incident where an educated man was saved by

the uneducated, was this: History says that in king James's day, an English barrister, highly educated in legal lore, ran out his sign on one of the streets of London with this inscription: "All questions answered here." The king saw it and was displeased; and entering the office and addressing the lawyer, said, "Did you not know that I allowed no man in my dominion but myself, to make such high pretensions as to answer all questions? I will ask you three questions, and if you do not answer them satisfactorily before to-morrow's sun goes down, I will take off your head. My questions are, 1, How many baskets of earth in that hill yonder? 2, What am I, your king, worth? 3, What am I thinking about?"

The barrister, with all his learning, became very gloomy and sad; for he could see no way of saving his life. His clown, or office boy, saw that his master was in deep trouble, and inquired the cause and was told.

The office boy was one of those who think more than they read, while the lawyer was one who read more than he thought; so the boy said, "If you will dress me in your costume, I will go in before the king in your stead, and if I don't answer the questions satisfactory, he may take my head off." The lawyer was very willing, as lawyers generally are, to shift his costume, to get rid of responsibility. He dressed his clown in his own habit, and sent him to the king. He bowed to his Majesty, saying, "I have come to answer those questions, your Majesty."

"Well, how many baskets of earth in that hill yonder?"

"That, your Majesty will at once perceive, depends on the bigness of the baskets. If the basket is as big as the hill, there is one. If it is half as big, there are two,and so on."

"Really, that is quite satisfactory," said the king.

"What am I, your king, worth?" Answer, "Judas Is-

cariot sold his king for thirty pieces of silver; at the same ratio, I should think you might be worth two." So the king, not having lost all sense of his own meanness, called the answer satisfactory. "But," said the king, "here is my third question: What am I thinking about?"

The clown replied, "You are thinking that I am the lawyer, but I am not, I am only his clown." It is said, this so pleased the king, that both clown and lawyer were discharged.

Another instance where book learning was mastered by an unlettered man: An educated minister had a slave named Sam, also a licensed preacher among the slaves. The learned man said, "Sam, you can't preach; you don't know Greek and Latin." "I knows it, massa. I'se a poor, ignorant slave, yet I preach as well as I can." A few days after this, the learned man made a call on one of his parishioners, and he gave him a nice young cow, and the animal was driven to his house by the slave of the donor. Then the man of letters again took occasion to lecture Sam on his ignorance, and consequent want of ability to preach the gospel, and to get his living in that way. He said, "Sam, look, see what Mr.—— has given me; made me a present of this nice young cow, because I can preach. I understand Greek and Latin, and so I can live, Sam, but you don't know Greek and Latin, Sam, and I advise you to leave it off." Sam ran to the cow, opened her mouth, and looking into it, burst out in laughter. "Yes, massa, nice young cow." "Why," says the master, "Sam, what are you laughing at?" "Nice young cow, massa. She so old she got no upper teef; you come and see for yourself, massa;" and he opened her mouth for the master to see. "A rascal," he exclaimed, "go drive that cow back." So the cow was driven back. The owner, thinking that some prank had been put upon the

minister, took the cow back to him, and the minister seemed quite indignant that he should pass that animal off for a young cow. After an explanation, the learned minister became quite reconciled, and called for Sam, who had played the joke upon him. Sam said, "Ah, massa, you say you know ebery ting; you know Greek and Latin, but you didn't know that a cow had no upper teef." [Convulsive laughter.]

There is one other class of the learned professions which I desire to mention,—the doctors; and I would close by saying that it is quite evident that they are liable to mistakes, and as an evidence we might look at the number and extent of our grave-yards; but we seldom know one to make the sad mistake of eating his own medicine.

So I would here rest my call, feeling that I have shown sufficient cause why there should be no friction between the learned and unlearned, but that both should labor in harmony to the end that the world might be made better.

The manifestations of applause that greeted me at the close of my remarks, showed that the speech was accepted by the audience quite generally. I was then followed by the other professor, in a brief speech that told on the same side of the question; in favor of education.

The General Conference and the Anniversaries closed with much unanimity and a general good feeling, and we bade adieu to the friends in Lowell with not a little regret, especially our kind hostess, Mrs. Stanwood,

who had entertained us through the meeting with great kindness, and reached our home in Wells, Me., the same evening. The excitement and fatigue of the week or more, had well nigh exhausted my strength, and without supper I retired, and fell into a troubled sleep, and did not awake till it was nearly sunrise. I had risen from my bed, was crossing the room, and fell in a fit of apoplexy. My faithful wife was soon at my side and aided me to the bed, and I soon lost all consciousness and remained so for some time. I then felt that I was well nigh across the river. The goodness of God, the faithful attention of my wife, and the skill of Drs. Ross and Smart, soon enabled me to rally somewhat, and with the exception of a slight shock a few days later, I continued to grow better, so that I was able to walk about. During my illness, it was supposed that I could not survive the night, and my wife sent a telegram to my brother Theodore, then living near Great Falls, N. H., and he came to see me that night. Weak as I was, I knew his step when he entered the room, and in a whisper he said, "John, how is it with you now, as we suppose you are dying?" And, indeed, I *did* think that I was fast sinking in death; but I could whisper back the

answer to my brother, "It is all right down here." Oh, the peace of that hour, and that peace was the guest of my soul when I thought I was dying; yet it pleased God to bring me back to life's activities again, for some reason best known in the divine arrangement. For some two months I was unable to attend to regular duty, but since then, with the exception of ill turns, have been quite active in the duties of life, both religious and temporal.

I remained in Wells some six or eight months after recovering from my illness, supplying the place of a more active and efficient minister as best I could, and then resigned my charge.

It was while stationed there that we were all made very sad by an accident at Bates College. Brother Theodore Wells's eldest son fell from a swing and was killed, and brought home to be interred. The funeral was a very impressive scene, and the occurrence spread a gloom over all, and especially the young people in the parish.

CHAPTER XIV.

I now had a call to supply the pulpit in Biddeford, where brother Bathrick was preaching, while he went to New York on a visit to his friends. I accepted the call, and the first Sabbath the congregation was very small, only forty-two persons in attendance, and the Sabbath-school numbered forty, all told. As I had engaged to supply the pulpit during the absence of brother B., I notified the congregation that there would be preaching every Sabbath until his return. This seemed quite satisfactory, and the next Sabbath the increase in the congregation was quite encouraging, and the evening meeting was quite interesting. After two months or more, news from brother Bathrick announcing his return as doubtful, the church gave me a unanimous call to move into the city and become their pastor.

Biddeford had become, in the estimation of ministers, a hard field, and I was frequently told that if I attempted it as a pastorate, I should for once make a failure. Such was the reputation of the place as fickle and uncertain, that most ministers were unwilling to risk an

effort to build up a Freewill Baptist society in the place.

I told them that if the work was ever done, it must be done soon; and as I was getting to be old, it would not be so bad for me to make a failure as it would be for a younger man. I believed it was the will of God that I should make the trial, and leave the result with the righteous Disposer of all events. Accordingly, preparation was made and we moved into Biddeford on the last day of June, 1860. We occupied the tenement in the house of Alvin Gove, while he was in California. The family, Mrs. Gove and her children, were very congenial, and we made it our home in the house with them till we bought the lot and built the house we now live in.

The ministers of other churches received me to their fellowship and confidence. Tenney of the Pavillion, Packard of the second Congregationalist, Hubbard of the Baptist, Abbot of the Methodist, and Evans of the Episcopal church, all seemed to vie with each other in their cordial greeting and frank confessions of fellowship and union with me, as a co-laborer in the vineyard of the Master. While I thus had the aid of these good men, and a consciousness of a faithful discharge of my duty,

I sometimes called out the hottest fire of the enemies of reform. Open opposition and private scheming, with threats of personal violence by anonymous letters, made up of language too vulgar and obscene to appear in print, were addressed to me, declaring what would inevitably be the result of my persistence in publicly denouncing the pro-slavery, rum drinking and rum selling practices of men; thus evidently thinking to spike my guns or drive me into silence. It was quite evident that the enemies of reform had mistaken their man. I went into a public meeting at the Methodist church, and when called upon to speak, I said, "If I say anything to-night, it will be in reference to a letter I have recently received through the post-office, warning me to desist in meddling with other men's business, rum selling, &c., or I should suffer personal violence at their hands." After calling attention to the threat, I said, "I suppose that the rum seller who wrote that letter is here to-night, or some one is here to report to him what I say. My answer to him is this if he is here, or to his reporter: you go back and tell him I never walk out except in the company of two good friends; if he sees fit to attack me in their presence, the responsibility is on

him and not on me. And if he wants to know who these friends are, I will tell him. One is the Lord from above, and the other is this cane (holding up the cane at the same time).

This for a time seemed to silence opposition, but did not remove enmity. My family became alarmed for my safety when I was out in the evening, and the brethren of my church would sometimes insist on seeing me home from the evening meetings, lest I should be attacked on the street.

In the midst of all this our meetings increased in numbers and interest, and the awakening power of God was evidently with us. The members of the church came into line, and there was evidently a spirit of earnest prayer. One evening at the prayer meeting in the vestry, a young lady, known only by a few, voluntarily arose and said: "Friends, I am not a Christian, but I want the prayers of these Christians that I may become one;" and as she said this, she kneeled in prayer for herself, and others united with her, and it was as the house of God and the gate of heaven to us. This was the beginning of a glorious revival of religion, and many were the subjects of redeeming grace and became efficient helpers in the cause of Christ. We subsequently

learned that the young lady was in the mill, and that her name was Mary Nichols, daughter of deacon Nichols, of Effingham, N. H., where she now lives at the head of a little family, a consistent member of the church to which Rev. O. Butler has successfully ministered the word of life for several years past.

About this time the political world was much agitated on the question of human rights, and as I had been identified with the agitators of this question, as a matter of course, I had to stand my hand in a share of the obloquy thrown upon the men who had brought about events which political aspirants claimed would result in the ruin of the country. I had advocated from the early days of my ministry, the right of every human being to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, without respect to color, and that one of the channels of human happiness is found in having open to all the privilege of being educated to read God's Word, and of judging the claims of the divine law for themselves; and that there should be no arbitrary enactments standing between humanity and its rights. I claimed that these principles were taught in the Bible, and that, as a Christian minister, I was bound to preach them and pray for their final triumph. And

that the same principles were found in our bill of rights,—the foundation stone on which our national structure was built, and therefore human chattelism was contrary to our Declaration of Independence, and, as a citizen of this Republic, I was not only at liberty, but it was my bounden duty to bear testimony against the wrong, and to vote for the right. This I had done in connection with Fessendon and others of this State,—Phillips, Garrison, and others of Mass. I had preached it, prayed it and voted it for nearly thirty years in a dead minority, foregoing the advantages of political preferment when offered me by the political parties that ruled the hour.

Having cherished and advocated these sentiments so long, when the dark war-cloud with its muttering thunders was shutting down upon the country, I was frequently called to a most severe test of the motives that prompted the action, and the soundness of those principles that laid the foundation for coming strife; but was led to the conclusion that I would not change my course for two reasons: I could not if I would, I would not if I could.

So I stood with my brethren in the ministry, and preached the same doctrines, fully trusting in God and public sentiment to sustain us.

War had now commenced, and a number of my congregation and some of the members of my church enlisted. Brother Timothy Elliott, D. J. Meeds, John Libby, one of the sweet singers of Israel, and others, soon exchanged the pleasures of home and the house of God, for the tented field,—the tiresome march,—and the thunders of the battle-field. No day came and went during their absence but I had a heart-felt sense of their perilous condition, and was in earnest prayer to God for them, their families and friends.

In my labors as pastor of this church, I had the satisfaction of witnessing an increase of the congregation till the church was nearly full, and a corresponding increase of the Sabbath-school, till it numbered about one hundred and fifty. This change was brought about by the united efforts of pastor and people, and the outpouring of the Spirit of God. We were blessed with revival influences during the most of my pastorate, which lasted nearly four years. My labors were incessant; and the wants of my family, and the entertainment of company from out of town, our acquaintance being quite extensive, and we being always glad to see our friends, drew heavily on a salary of three hundred dollars a year; but by the blessing of

God we were enabled to make the two ends of the year meet, and generally had something to give for benevolence. Up to the time of our commencing to build our house, we had given for benevolence about fifty dollars a year in different ways. Home and Foreign Missions, and other benevolent objects we never neglected, although my salary had averaged from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty dollars per year. I have sometimes looked at the salary of ministers in these days, and wished it had been my lot to have received as much, for the reason that I could, and I think would, have done more for the cause than is now being done. But they think and we think, and may the Lord help us to think soberly.

When the war broke out, as it was known that I had been outspoken upon the sins of the nation, I was then frequently called upon to speak in the public gatherings, and define my position on national issues, which I did in a manner that called out the approval of the one side, and the unqualified disapproval of the other. About this time a public meeting was called in Saco, at the city hall, and all the ministers were called upon to define their position. I was called upon and said:

I would not hang or harm the Copperheads of the North, who were, in my judgment, the aiders and abettors of the rebels of the South, and but for the moral support which they rendered the slave-holders, the rebellion would soon collapse, and the war would come to a close. But if it was left to me to pronounce sentence upon them, it should be this: I would have them all assembled in the street of your city, and I would give the word, and they should march between two rows of innocent children, and they should make up faces at them; and then I would send out a proclamation throughout all the owl kingdom, and they should come and line the fences and the houses and stables on each side of the road, till every owl in all the land should put in an appearance, and they should hoot at them, and if there was an owl that would not hoot, he should no longer be counted an owl. And then out farther, upon the hights and mountains, there should come all the snakes of every kind, and they should run out their forked tongues and hiss at them; and I would then march them off to the orifice discovered by Syms, at the North Pole, and march them in, and they should henceforth people the inside of this earth, and never again appear upon its surface to snarl at the progress of liberty.

This utterance was greeted with prolonged shouts, amid which I took my seat.

At another time I was urged to attend the Lyceum at Saco, when that society had under discussion the question, "Is it consistent for ministers of the gospel to give utterance to political sentiments in the pulpit on the Sabbath?" I went as a visitor, but was requested to speak

in the affirmative; the speakers consisted of two ministers in the affirmative, and two lawyers in the negative. One of them, a young lawyer, among other things said, "You ministers claim it as a right to speak on politics on the Sabbath, and for a pattern you go to the Lord's prayer; for a pattern minister you go to St. Paul, and, I hesitate not to say, that not one word of our Lord's prayer can be made to allude to politics, either pro or con; as to Paul, not one word of his sayings or writings alludes in any way to politics, and you have no warrant for your course in your pattern prayer or saint." He resumed his seat with an air of triumph, and I was called upon to answer him. In doing so I said:

The speaker claims that our Lord's prayer is our pattern prayer, and that St. Paul is our pattern minister, and to this I agree. He further claims that not one word in the prayer alludes either pro or con to political questions; in this he and I must disagree, for in that prayer it is said, "Thy kingdom come and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Where will wicked politicians be when all that shall be brought about? He also says that Paul never wrote or said one word about politics. Again I find him at fault, and I want him to state to this assembly what Paul meant when he wrote to his brethren and said, "Let your politeuma be as becomes the gospel of Christ." As the gentleman is a scholar, he will do me the favor to rise in his place and tell this audience what Paul meant by *politeuma*.

He objected, until the chairman decided that if I demanded it as a part of my speech, he as a gentleman could do no less than answer my question, and he then said, "Well, *politeuma* does mean politics." I then said;

All right. You see, Mr. Chairman, the gentleman has changed his whole argument himself; he now acknowledges that our pattern minister did set us the example of preaching politics, and I think that this society must so vote.

I was about to sit down, but being urged to go on, I said:

If I say any more, it will be in reference to the assertion made by a stump speaker, who said the other day that this war must be stopped at any cost; we must have peace at any price. But he says before this is reached, we must hang all the d—d ministers. I said, this is the man who is for peace at any price. Mr. Chairman, can't you and this audience see that the man's logic is lame? He proposes, for peace at any price, to hang all the ministers. Can't he see, and don't the people see that this would cause the greatest war ever waged in this country? There are about four thousand ministers in the New England states, and they are all to be hung as a peace offering. How many of the gentleman's party will have to be detailed to hang us? Why, it will take twenty men to hang one minister; it will to hang me; and so here are eighty thousand of his party to be detailed to hang the four thousand ministers, and what will be the result? Who can contemplate the scene without a shudder? The ministers are allowed

to preach their last sermon, and as they come down and out, there is the posse of twenty men at the door,—ten on each side. Has it never occurred to the gentleman that the members of the church and congregation will fight? The deacons and their wives, and the ministers' wives will all fight, mine will, I assure you, and the ministers themselves will fight, and such a war as this will be has never been seen, and all in the interest of peace. Oh, what logic! Why, Mr. President, you take a natural born fool and cut him in two, and either end of him will give you better logic than this.

A vote of the club sustained the affirmative, and the question was at rest.

At another time, the citizens of the two cities were called together in the public street, in front of the Christal Arcade, and it was judged that two thousand were present to listen to a speech by an ex-senator from Kentucky, who was an avowed Republican, and was called the southern man with northern principles. It was just before the election of General Grant to the presidency; and when he closed, the chairman called on me to come forward and make some remarks. I saw no way of escape unless I peremptorily declined, and this I was not in the habit of doing, and so I stepped to the front and remarked:

If I say anything, I must dissent from some of the sentiments of the gentleman in his able and eloquent speech,

the most of which I can and do endorse with all my heart. But I must dissent from his utterance that Republicans had always done right. They did not impeach Andrew Johnson, which would have been right, and they ought to have done it. [Applause.] I am not here to repudiate the party, since in the main it is doing the country good service. Peter denied his Master, and I suppose has been sorry for it ever since. This one wrong did not hinder him from being useful in the church after his repentance. But how was it with Judas? He betrayed his Master, and this was a crime of too deep a stain to be washed out. It was the culminating point of insult to Deity, and God had no further use for him on the earth. When Judas saw what he had done, he had common sense enough to bring back the money, and then go out and hang himself. I wish that all our southern traitors had as much common sense as he had. The gallows is the most fitting end of all traitors.

Amidst an exciting shout I took my seat and the meeting dispersed.

Meeting a company of anti-war men one day near the Biddeford House, one of the company, apparently a leader, hailed me and said, "I thought you ministers taught that being smitten on one cheek you should turn the other also." "Yes," I said, "that is the doctrine we preach in the case of personal difficulties; and in case such a circumstance should occur between you and me, I should have grace enough to turn to you the other cheek, if one

was smitten; but I should advise you not to risk it, for I might backslide while turning around, and in this case it might be hard for you." The reply was greeted with a shout, even from his own friends, and my opponent walked off.

APPENDIX.

Elder Stevens was compelled to relinquish the pastorate of the church in Biddeford several years ago, on account of failing health. He was troubled with a serious difficulty of the head, which at times seemed bordering on apoplexy. Sometimes he would fall by the way-side or whereever he chanced to be, yet his general health remained quite firm, and his mind vigorous to the last. He employed his time during the week in farming and gardening, supplying vacant pulpits on the Sabbath as occasion called. Besides being held as a reserve by his own church, in the absence of the pastor, all the other denominations applied to him for an occasional supply; and he was always welcomed by the congregations. He also supplied churches abroad to considerable extent, preaching on the Sabbath and attending funerals. Being a favorite among the people generally, he was called upon to solemnize more marriages than any other three ministers in the city. While living in Biddeford, he married four hundred and thirty-two couples, and attended nearly twice that number of funerals. He actively identified himself with the Y. M. C. A., doing much in encouraging them in their noble work, often going out with them to their stations outside the city, and preaching to the people. In fact, he was a

worker in the great moral field. He loved the work of the ministry, and was never happier than when inviting sinners to Christ. His ardent desire was that he "might die with the gospel harness on." A wish that was gratified, having preached for the Y. M. C. A. only the Sabbath previous to his death. He also attended to his domestic duties as usual, the day prior to his departure to the better land.

He often had gloomy feelings, and at times was somewhat dejected at the thoughts of dying. Not that he feared anything beyond this life, but the thought of passing over the river looked to him dark and chilly, so that he seemed to shrink from contemplating the scene. But the Saviour whom he had so faithfully served, had in his great mercy provided for this last emergency. He was in great distress (his disease being dropsy in the chest), but no one thought him near his end, when, without a struggle, he breathed his last.

A short time before he died, one asked him how things appeared to him, when he replied, "Christ is precious." Some young men called to see him, he beckoned them to his bedside, took each by the hand, gave them words of advice, and on bidding them good-by, repeated his accustomed valedictory on parting with friends, "God bless you. Be sure and hoe your row and hoe it well." These words of parting will be remembered by hundreds.

As the news spread through the city that this venerable man of God had passed the bounds of life, an unusual degree of sadness seemed to pervade almost every countenance. People in groups would speak to each other of the event, solemnly remarking, "We shall all miss him."

His funeral was largely attended; the largest church in the city being filled above and below. Business places generally were closed that all might pay their last respects to one whom they had delighted to honor in life. Twenty-

one ministers of different denominations were present, several coming from a distance. After singing, reading select portions of Scripture and prayer, appropriate remarks were made by Revs. Mr. White, the pastor of the church, S. Curtis, H. Quinby, I. D. Stewart, J. Mariner, and W. C. Barrows. After a very impressive prayer by Rev. J. M. Bailey, his remains were conveyed to Laurel Hill Cemetery, Saco, for interment.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY J. G. HARVEY.

"Close up the ranks," for the heroes are falling,
The noble, the gen'rous, the brave and the true,
Onward! aye, onward! life's battle yet rages,
Up! up and be active, God's work here to do.

One has departed, all ripened for glory,
A "Father in Israel" has passed on before;
Welcomed by those who were saved through his labors,
Greeted by angels on that bright, shining shore.

A champion for right, a foe to intemp'rance,
A friend of the fallen, the poor and the slave,
He walked with his God, a true, humble Christian,
He lived as a hero, firm, fearless and brave.

Gone from us here, to his dear Father's bosom,
Oh! who can forget him, the mighty in prayer?
His fervent "God bless you, my child," doth yet linger,
A divine benediction with sweetness so rare.

A warm clasp of the hand, a smile e'er so tender,
The look which gave comfort, consolation and cheer,
The song of his heart in holy communion,—
"My home is in heaven, my rest is not here."

Dead—yet he speaketh, aye, his work's not completed,
The body is lifeless, the spirit has gone;
But treasured his mem'ry in hearts and affections,
His deeds and his love will forever live on.

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